THE Bragadocio;

OR, THE

Bawd turn'd Puritan:

A NEW

COMEDY.

By a Perſon of Quality.

Quantum mutata ab illâ
Religionis Velamen omnia ſcelera tegit.

Licenſed,

J. F.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1691.

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Dramatis Perſonæ:

Bragadocio, or *Bravado* — A Triumphing Coward, but a great Pretender to Courage, and proud to be thought a Debauchee.

Sir *Popular Jealous* — A Seditious Magiſtrate, that Patroniſes the People only to ſerve his own ends of 'em.

Shuffle — Naturally of good Principles, but forc't to Countenance the Faction through Neceſſity.

Roman — A Gentleman of a low Fortune, but very Honourable.

Sir *Credulous Trinket* — One that knows nothing of the World; inclin'd to Melancholy, and always Freikiſh, and Superſtitious.

Fluſh — Of good Parts, but a rambling, hot-headed Blade; and rails againſt his Univerſity through Diſcontent.

Toper — *Fluſh*'s Companion, but a meer Sot.

Jeffry — Sir *Credulous*'s Servant.

Gullman — An old Bawd that deſerts her Vocation, and ſets up for a Fortune; Marry'd to Sir *Popular*.

Juliana, *Carolietta* — Neices to Sir *Popular*.

Amazonia — *Toper*'s Wife, a Virago that Tyranniſes over her Husband, only to ſerve her ſelf of Opportunities to Cuckold him.

Faith — *Gullman*'s Woman, a Diſciplin'd Baggage.

A Jeweller, a Quack, a Milliner, a Sollicitor, a Pimp, a Carrier, a Coffee-Man, Bullies, Serjeants, Tradeſmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, *London*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Declaration and Manifeſto of the *Proteſtants* of the Vallies of *Piedmont*, called the *Vaudois*, to all Chriſtian Princes and States, of the Reaſons of their taking up Arms juſt now againſt the Duke of *Savoy*. And why they have put themſelves under the Protection of *William*, King of *Great Britain*, and of the Evangelick Cantons of *Switzerland*.

ACT I.

SCENE, Shuffle's *Lodging*.

Enter Flush, *and* Shuffle.

Shuf. BUT do'e reſolve, ſay you, never to viſit the Univerſity again?

Flush. ——Not till Idleneſs and Hypocriſie be as much out o' faſhion as Learning; ——I'll ſooner herd with Savages in a Deſart, where hungry Nature's the ſole Tutoreſs.

Shuf. ——This is juſt ſuch a quarrel, as a Presbyter has againſt Epiſcopacy; ——I am confident ſome Preferment there, wou'd reconcile you,

Flush. ——Prythee don't miſtake me; ——I never had the vanity to think I deſerv'd it; but tho' I had engroſſed all the Morals, that ever the learned Antients taught, they wou'd not ha' been proof againſt Exceptions.

Shuf. ——No! ——

Flush. ——No o' my Conſcience, —— *I* have known a worthy Fellow that has been learned as the Sybils, but modeſt religiouſly obſervant as the Veſtals; ——Still and reſerved as the Night, yet cheerful as the Morning; —— temperate and ſtrict as an Anchorite, and complying as unpractis'd Youth.

Shuf. ——Sure none cou'd object againſt ſo fair a Character.

Flush. —Yes, — a tedious Blockhead, ſcarce capable of an Ordinary's Office at the Reading of a Neck-Verſe, ſhall cavil againſt his Schollarſhip; ——then comes a ſecond ſpitting pimpl'd Sot, and ſhall firſt hyccup in his Face, then tell him, he's a Company-keeper,

when at the ſame time the dizzie Ape can ſcarce faulter out his unjuſt Exception; — thus all of 'em after a ſucceſſive diſcovery of *Ignorance*, and ill Principles, ſhall prefer a deſertleſs Dunce to an accompliſh't Candidate.

Shuf. — Prithee what kind of Complexion'd People do your Sages approve on, as beſt qualifi'd for their preferment?

Fluſh. — Such eaſie ſuffring Sots as have liv'd in due obſervance of their Inſolent Grandure, and Ridiculous Statelineſs, that have no ſenſe to diſcover the want on't in them, and will ſuffer themſelves to be ſolemnly cheated, and never take notice on't.

Enter Sir *Credulous.*

Sir *Cred.* Noble Gentlemen, I am your Creature.

Fluſh. — It muſt be an affair of grand concern that brings you hither, Sir *Cred.*

Sir *Cred.* —Without Ceremony Gentlemen, I have no other buſineſs at preſent, than to invite you to the chaſe of a crippl'd Worm hunted by a couple of lame Snails.

Shuf. —Wee'll attend your noble diverſion.—

[*Exit* Sir *Cred.*

Shuf. — Well, but don't let his impertinence divert your diſcourſe; pray continue it, and acquaint me with the order of their Diſcipline.

Fluſh. — Order! ha, ha— you'll find no more there, than in *Darius*'s Army againſt *Alexander*; —Arts and Sciences are promiſcuous with Tricks and Debaucheries.

Shuf. Ay! —

Fluſh. — 'Tis an imperfect Emblem of the Chaos, where Bodies of ſtrange form and figure were hudl'd up together in a diſagreeing concord.

Shuf. An Univerſal Medly indeed!—

Fluſh. You ſhall have a ſerious old Homiliſt making his unfaſhionable Chamber-love to a tractable Laundreſs; —a young breeding Heir penning Madrigals on his Bed-maker, or Phillifing the Skull's Daughter;—and a leading Tutor turning off an old Tradeſman, becauſe ſome Upſtart has got a handſom Wife.

Shuf.

Shuf. —— But as to the buſineſs of Learning; —— is not that promoted now-a-days?

Fluſh. —— Yes, as thus —— you ſhall hear a couple of old Caſuiſts, ſplutter their mouldy Notions, and intricate Terms in one another's Faces, The one labouring with remote Fetches, to ſalve the opinion of a contradicting Dogmatiſt, whilſt the other bladders him with broken Latine, tranſgreſſing form, and confounding Axioms; then like two batter'd Game-Cocks, the laſt word gets the Victory.

Shuf. —— They are very laborious upon't it ſeems.

Fluſh. —— No, no, —— They are too great to take pains; —— I have known a Reverend poring Doctor, that has ſwouned half an Age over a St. *Auſtin*; and if he chanc'd to mount the Pulpit but once in ſeven years, wou'd after a Præludium of Hems, ſlyly draw his Memory out of his Pocket, and repeat the Opinions of the Voluminous Fathers, then conclude with an Harangue againſt Court Vanities, becauſe ſome promiſing Lord has fail'd to make him a Biſhop.

Shuf. You are reſolv'd to ſpare none from the Scarlet Doctor to the draggl'd Soph.

Fluſh. Some few good well principl'd men there is in their Society, but like a Loyalliſt in a Faction, they muſt either comply or be abhorr'd.---- But Pry--the let's goe, we ſhall be too late elſe in good ſadneſs.

Shuf. You may if you pleaſe, but I muſt wait here for a Gentleman; if ſome thing ſhou'd detain me, do ſo much as excuſe me.

Fluſh. I ſhall. [*Ex. Fluſh.*

Enter Roman.

Rom. Was this *Fluſh* I met upon the Stairs?

Shuf. Ay; He has been Railing at his Univerſity like a ſuſpended Parſon.

Rom. He's one o' thoſe lewd profligate Wretches that diſhonour all places of civil Education, becauſe their own looſe behaviour is diſcountenane'd and upbraided there.

Shuf. He's above that vain thing call'd Learning, he may thank his Genisu.

Rom. Which way is he gone?

Shuf. To the *Palsgrave's-Head*; the truth on't is, I engag'd my Word to be there too, But now I think on't, I'll diſpoſe o' my ſelf otherwiſe.

Rom. You have ſome rich beardleſs Fool or other to manage; —hang't, 'tis time to give it over now.

Shuf. Your Servant good generous Sir; --*I* think 'tis more prudence to Thrive and Rook whilſt *I*'m Young, and ſo prevent it in my Old Age, then be forc'd to't in theſe Days, and ſo have reaſon to condemn the negligence of my Youth.

Rom. Truly, a Cheat at Threeſcore, is as Odious as a Uſurer at Twenty.

Shuf. And a Knave without neceſſity is as unpardonable as a Mercenary Matron that's Rich and Ugly.

Rom. *I*'ll aſſure you *Shuffle*, *I* alwaies believ'd your Principle to be ſo far honourable, as that nothing but the ſevere impulſe of neceſſity cou'd ſhake 'em: *I* have obſerv'd with what an honeſt Calmneſs, and even tranquility of Mind, you have born diſappointments, and have pitty'd you ſeveral times when *I* cou'd not help you.

Shuf. Certainly my needs are ſo violent they cannot continue long; however, whilſt *I* am concern'd with Sir *Credulous Trinket*, and Sir *Populer*, *I* muſt not think of a Reformation.

Rom. Sir *Credulous Trincket*, That's my Rival; Pry-thee what ſort of a Gentleman is he? *I* have not the honour of his acquaintance.

Shuf. You are very unhappy in't, *I*'ll promiſe you; He's a moſt facetious Perſon in his way; ---firſt he read himſelf into Melancholly, then was adviſ'd to Travel as an expedient, which he undertook, and is now return'd Freakiſh and Superſtitious; he knows nothing o'the World, and is impos'd upon by every one.

Rom. *I* have had ſuch an account of him--Well but *I* have wonder'd oft how you contracted this intimacy with Sir *Populer*?

Shuf. Firſt *I* got repute amongſt his Creatures, and ſo had the opportunity

opportunity of hearing him, and being in his Company long *I* diſcover'd him; which he perceiv'd, and thereupon declar'd himſelf to me; ſince we have unanimouſly Whedl'd our Blew-apron Men-- the deſign on't you may *Interpret* eaſily.

Rom. Ay, *I* can apprehend it; ---- *It* ſeems now you have taught your Spirit to Truckle to your *Intereſt*.

Shuf. Yes, yes, *I* can out cant a Tubſter, out fawn a Rook, out promiſe a Courtier, and out ſwear an Evidence.

Enter a Dun *Submiſſively.*

Shuf. Well, Sir, *I* know your Buſineſs, here's a Gentleman with me now, but *I* ſhall be glad to ſee you to Morrow Morning. [*Ex. Dun.*

A Pox o'theſe Dunns, they are as conſtant in a Morning as the Milk-woman; ——*I* have warn'd the Houſe *I* know not how oft to deny me to all Viſitants without Swords.

Rom. Poor *Shuffle*! ——Faith *I* never reſented my own Condition more ſenſibly than now; ——*I* am only ſorry my fortunes are ſo ſcant, becauſe *I* cannot ſupply thee; ——Come along with me, *I*'ll try the extent of my Credit. [*Ex. Ambo.*

SCENE. II.

Sir Credulous's *Houſe, an Anti-Chamber.*

Enter Sir Credulous, Bravado, Jeffry.

Sir *Cred.* Your Approbation Captain, your Approbation; did you ever hear a Mag-pye diſcourſe more *Ingeniouſly*, or greater Reaſon ſince you were a Gentleman? Did ye?

Brav. I muſt confeſs not uſually.

Sir *Cred.* Uſually; did you ever? Speak.

Brav. To be plain with you, Sir *Cred.* once *I* did, but it was at *Paris*; ——*I* heard one there that had more *French* then ſeveral of your Gentry that had reſided there ſome Years; it got my Name and Quality preſently, *I* had a Familiar acquaintance with it.

Jef.

Jef. And learn'd all his French from it, *I*'ll warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* Well, but conſider Captain, my Mag has not had the advantage of ſuch a Gentleman's Converſation as your ſelf; it was bred a plain Country-Bird, and had no other Tutor till *I* came to Town, than the Curate.

Brav. A very promiſing Mag!

Sir *Cred.* There was an Illiterate Cox-comb, t'other day, told me he wou'd not give me 5 Guineas for't.

Brav. Some rude undervaluing Ruſtick that underſtood not its excellencies.

Sir *Cred.* But was your ſhattering acquaintance ſo accompliſht in good earneſt?

Brav. It deſerves a Panegyrick as well as ſome of our modern Heroes; It wou'd tell you i' the Night-time what a Clock, as exactly as the Bell-man; wou'd talk as quaintly upon occaſion as an affected Citizen; wou'd repartee as ſmartly as a Mask in the Gallery:——ſeveral of our travelling Fops deriv'd from it their ſcraps of Complaiſance, and little civil Impertinencies, they are daily troubleſom with in Park and Play-houſe.

Jef. If it was not for theſe French Mag-pyes, *I* geſs we ſhou'd not have ſo many Engliſh Owles. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* But Captain, *I*'ll preſume to tell you, *I* can ſhow you as great Rarities as all your Travels cou'd entertain you with.

Brav. My Curioſity will be oblig'd to you.

Sir *Cred. Jeffry!* Here, take the Key of my Cloſet, and bring me *Liſp* and *Quaker*. [*Ex. Jef.*

Brav. What are theſe Sir *Cred?*

Sir *Cred.* A Brace of Animals, which the Vulgar take for Dogs; ſeriouſly, they reſemble 'em ſo much, you'll ſcarce diſtinguiſh till you hear 'em diſcourſe.

Enter Jeffry.

Jef. Sir you had left your Cloſet door unlockt, and *Liſp*'s got out; one o'the Grooms told me he's gone to wait upon Sir *Populer*'s Bitch home.

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Very probable, he was alwaies an obliging courteous Creature; —— But where's *Quaker?*

Jef. Sir, he presents his service to you, and desires you to excuse him, he's ingag'd.

Sir *Cred.* Ingag'd! Where, and upon what account?

Jef. With a Bone Sir, under the Dresser-board.

Sir *Cred.* No, no, his absence cannot be dispenc'd with; —— go and conduct him in immediately; —— be as quick as a Juggler's hand.

Jef. Pish, —— I have as many Fools Errands to run upon, as a well-meaning *April*-Bird. [*Exit Jef.*

Brav. Pray resolve me, Sir *Cred.* what these two Prodigies are design'd for.

Sir *Cred.* Seriously Sir, I have made it my business to observe their humours severally; the one I find to be of a tractable Genius, he'll make a —— [*studies.*

Brav. Good Guide for the Blind.

Sir *Cred.* The other's of a more acid, cholerick temper; I design him for a —— [*studies.*

Brav. Yard or an Orchard. [*Aside.*

Enter Jef. *pulling in an ugly Tyke.*

Sir *Cred.* Wuh you clumsie Block-head you, cou'd not you make your entry with more decency than this? —— Is that all the respect you give to your betters?

Jef. Respect! Ay, and too much for a worthless Tyke that deserves not a Crust.

Sir *Cred.* You know Sirrah your Ignorance excuseth you; —— a Tyke!

Brav. Ay, and as contemptible an one as ever dy'd of a crooked Pin.

Sir *Cred.* Well, ha' but a little patience, and I'll convince you presently, —— *Jeffry* provoke him.

[*Jeffry pincheth his ear, the Cur yells.*

Sir *Cred.* Now Captain, what think you on't, did not you perceive a choice accent in his exclamation?

Brav.

Brav. Ha, ha, nothing but the yelp of a pinch'd Cur.

Sir *Cred.* Sir, I am ſorry for you, —— you hear ſtill I perceive with a groſs unrefind ſence, —— I'll aſſure you, I thought he was ſomething Articulate; —— but he's out a' humour now; —— *Jeſry* attend him in.

[*Ex.* Jeffry *with the Dog.*

Re-enters.

Brav. I wonder Sir *Cred.* a man of your contrivance, ſhou'd ſo much debaſe your noble Faculties; — Why don't you attempt ſome glorious Enterprize, and die a Heroe?

Sir *Cred.* Seriouſly I am at preſent upon a Project which will be of greater uſe to the City than the Ditch; but moſt of all to the Inſurers; ——And that is this——I have devis'd an Engine to blow up the Thames, and ſo prevent all Popiſh Conſpiracies by Water, for you know they have done their worſt already by Fire.

Brav. the Watermen will abuſe you then.

Sir *Cred.* No, no, I'll prevent that, —— I can convey it back in an inſtant by the Penny-Poſt.

Brav. Shaw that's an ignoble deſign; contrive rather the good of the whole Republick.

Sir *Cred.* Think you ſo?

Brav. Ay, ay, ——Erect ſome Gymnaſium where Youth may be taught the Art of Addreſſing and Decoying young Virgins at twelve without being beholding to the Inſtructions of a good natur'd Mother, to Swear genteely, without frequenting Gaming Houſes; to profane daringly without keeping the Wits Company; ——and to be experienc't in all the modiſh ſins of the Age without going to Court.

Sir *Cred.* You propound Impoſſibilities Captain.

Jef. Not ſo Impoſſible as your project upon the Thames. (*Aſide.*

Brav. Make me but Iniquity Maſter General and I'll undertake it; and as the Age goes with ſucceſs I'll warrant you.

Sir *Cred.* Say you ſo?

Brav. Nay more; —I'll encourage it ſo far as to give 2 or 3 Mannors

Manners towards its endowment: But we'll discourse farther on't at Dinner; I dont much care if I Dine with you to Day.

Sir *Cred.* Sir you'll do me Honour. [*Ex.* Sir *Cred. Brav.*

Jef. Marry Gad a Mercy ——That was the Gymnasium he was contriving all this time.

Enter Shuffle.

Shuf. Well honest *Jeffry*; how do's Sir *Credulous* do?

Jef. What store of Visitants he has against Dinner time. [*Aside.* Why he's in a fit of Melancholy, and has order'd that no body shall have access to him.

Shuf. I am a particular Friend man; ——I'll go and divert him, he has not Din'd I suppose.

Jef. But if that won't prevent you, this will—— [*Aside.* From you Sir 'tis possible he may admit of a Visit, since there's only two Gentlemen with him; one of 'em's a Draper, the same that sent his Man to you Yesterday with a Note.

Shuf. That Soliciting Rogue! —A Pox of his importunity—— But why may not this same Youth smell my business? [*Aside.* I'll urge it farther—— [*Aside.* Go tell the Gentleman I desire a word with him.

Jef. Ha! ——He's at Dinner Sir, I must not disturb him.

Shuf. At Dinner before Eleven! Ho Sir, you are a fine Fellow indeed; ——Are you so quick at turning away Business? ——'Tis a piece of frugality your Master won't thank you for.

Jef. In good earnest Mr. *Shuffle*, there's so many, and such clearing Stomachs at his Table every Day, that tho there was as much variety as in *Heliogabalus*'s Feast, 'tis peice-meal't into as many reversions as an Alms-basket, —— Pray Sir, help me for your own sake, as well as mine, only to repel some constant Intruders, and then much good may do you.

Enter two Bullies, as to one another.

1. Y'gad *Jack* here lives the Hoſpitable Knight.

2. Sweet-heart, how does my worthy Friend your Generous Maſter; —— He's within, is not he?

Jeſ. Gentlemen, if your buſineſs be urgent, you may find him at the *Swan* on *Fiſh-ſtreet-hill*; —— he waits upon a Country Lady there, that longs for a Codſhead.

1. 'Sbud what does he mean? —— He invited us this Morning.

2. Ay, and made us ſwear not to fail him.

Shuf. He ne need not have put that conſtraint upon you. [*Aſide.*

Jeſ. Gentlemen, if it be any buſineſs that I can do, I am ready to ſerve you.

1. No, no, we'll wait upon him at another convenience.

[*Shuf. and Jeſ. diſcourſe together, 2 Bullies apart from one another.*

2. 'Slife *Tom*, it coſt me two pence (all the ſtock I had) at the Coffee-houſe i'th Morning, —— I went to read the News, a purpoſe to provide my ſelf of lies and hard words for him.

1. And I took a whetting turn ith' Walks about ten for a preparative; —— a plague o' their diſappointments.

2. S'hart, we had better have accepted *Harry*'s Invitation; —— but who wou'd have imagin'd this?

1. Come, let's to the *Change*, we'll pick up ſome body.

[*Jeſ. crys after them as they are going out.*

Jeſ. Gentlemen, won't you be pleas'd to leave your Names?

Shuf. I'll engage they have as many as the *Grand Seignior* has Titles.

Jeſ. Or as an addreſs of a whole County.

Enter a Jeweller.

Jew. I deſire to ſpeak with Sir *Credulous Tinklett* if he be at leiſure.

Jeſ. What nature, Pray Sir, is your buſineſs of?

Jew.

Jew. I have ſome Stones of value for him; —— but I muſt deliver 'em to his own perſon.

Shuf. I remember Sir, he was telling he expected you, and commanded me to take theſe trifling concerns (as he call'd 'em from you; —— and to deſire you to wait his approbation.

Jew. Here Sir, I'm ſure they'll pleaſe him.

[Shuf. *takes the box, goes out, and re-enters.*

Shuf. Sir, he deſires you to walk in, he'll diſpatch you preſently; —— he has ſent to a Lapidary to have 'em try'd.

Jew. I left a Cuſtomer in my Shop; —— but I'll attend his honour in a Trice. [*Ex. Jeweller.*

Shuf. A very fortunate riddance; ha, ha, ha,

Jef. What's the matter Sir?

Shuf. Only ſome tranſparent Glaſs-bobs, that the Counterfeit Raſcal has left in my poſſeſſion; —— he'll as ſoon peep through a Pillory, as come here again.

Jef. He wou'd ha' put theſe Toys upon Sir *Credulous* for real ones, I'll warrant, if you had not prevented him.

Shuf. No doubt on't, —— Come *Jeffry* we have made our Poſt good long enough. [*Ex. Shuf. Jef.*

SCENE III.

Gulman's *Lodging.*

Gulman-ſola *looking in a Pocket-Glaſs.*

Gull. In vain I ſtrive to call paſt Nature back, ——
The Youthful Dye that glow'd in either Cheek,
And forc't ſo many melting Sighs and Vows,
Is gone beyond the reach of Female Arts:
My Glaſs, that kind Indulgence of my fears,
Now do's forbear to ſooth my willing faith,
And lays its pleaſing flattery aſide;
Fool that I was to credit Lovers Oaths,

And put my choice Sweets into their hands
Without consideration for th' exchange;
But still I've one reserve, providing time
Has for the loss of beauty, ge'en me wit,
And sure 'tis time to use it.——

Enter Faith.

I hope you have had success by your stay:

Faith. ——Such success Madam, as you foretold before I went.

Gull. ——Truly I doubted it;——was he in a sullen humour?

Faith. ——Ay, as peevish as if his Wife had stay'd out late last Night;——There's a Broker, it seems, he has some concerns with, is run away.

Gull. ——But did you whisper him as I order'd you?

Faith. ——Yes, *I* told him you were just upon Marriage with Sir *Populer*, and if he did not give you credit for the Silks; things wou'd look a little suspiciously.

Gull. ——And did you offer him such advantages as *I* directed you?

Faith. ——Yes Madam, I urg'd every thing *I* thought might be effectual; *I* told him the safest way to secure his arrears, wou'd be to venture once more upon you.

Gull. And what answer'd he?

Faith. ——Upon that, he examin'd his Shop-book, and show'd me your Accounts, the Total Sum *I* did not much observe, nor the Particulars; only the File of *Items*, which was as deep as a Flight of Wild-Geese.

Gull. ——That base unreasonable Creature; has the Conscience then to put me down for the Necessaries I had from his Shop?—— Thou know'st Wench, how unusually civil *I* was always to him, when *I* kept a convenient House.

Faith. *I* am sure Madam, he had 'em always fresh out o' the Countrey, without paying for a Maiden-head;——he was so nice always, *I* am sure a Lord has been glad of his refuse o'r now:—— But you may see——

Gull.

Gull. 'Tis e'en true, a paſt kindneſs now-a-days is as little regarded, as a future promiſe; but what cou'd the ungrateful Wretch ſay to you?

Faith. After he had clos'd the Book, he broke out into paſſion, and ſwore he cou'd not wonder at your impudence, becauſe you were ſo and ſo: But before the damn'd Bawd was any more Tawdry at his charge, he wou'd ſee her Carted; ——nay, he ſwagger'd worſe then when he miſt his Ring at our Houſe.

Gull. At his charge baſe man!—It ſeems he looks upon the debt as deſperate; ——as I am a ſinner, I fear he'll noiſe it abroad and betray me.

Faith. Never fear it,——though he has little good-meaning for you, yet the hopes he has of a change of your condition, will prevent him.

Gull. How muſt we do in this caſe Wench? ——Let me die in a Ditch, if I be not as much at my wit's end, as I have been e'er now to direct a young unmanag'd ſinner.

Faith. Never deſpair Madam, I have ſome comfort for you;——Don't you remember his eldeſt Prentice? —— The ſame that rally'd ſo at our door one Sunday Night for entrance, when all our Beds and Couches were in uſe.

Gull. ——Yes, and ſwore he wou'd have the Houſe pull'd down the *Shrove-Tueſday* after; ——But what of him?

Faith. I perceiv'd as I was i'th' Shop, how diligently he watch'd the caſte of mine eye; and now and then I ſeem'd accidentally to throw half a look at him, which he wou'd ſo far improve, as to return me a familiar ſmile, ——as who ſhou'd ſay——

Gull. Well.

Faith. ——I obſerv'd this, and willingly forgot my Fan, which he very officiouſly follow'd me out with;—— then after a caſt of his Counter-courteſie, he promis'd me, ſuch a trivial thing as my Errand expreſt, ſhou'd not be wanting for my own ſake.

Gull. And there was the cauſe o' your ſtay.

Faith. ——He had nothing as earneſt towards the bargain.

Gull. When do you expect him?

Faith. Exactly at nine—— He'll be as punctual as a *Tertian* Ague.

Gull. —You'll know how to pay him.

Faith. —Ay Madam, I thank your Converſation.

Gull. —Well, if this ſhou'd unfortunately fail, I muſt e'en betake my ſelf to the poor Whore's laſt refuge, grave honeſt Crape.

Faith. Truly Madam, 'tis a very modeſt agreeable dreſs, and eſpecially for one of your deſign; ſince you profeſs as much Religion as a Lady Abbeſs, you muſt be as reſerv'd in your habit too; Sir *Populer* will miſtake your Neceſſity for your Zeal.

Gull. Then I muſt remonſtrate againſt abominable Gauds; as he calls 'em.

Faith. —And rail againſt Point, as tedious Vanity.

Gull. —Againſt Neck-laſes and Pendants, as undecent coſtly Trumperies.

Faith. —Rich Gowns, you muſt call, *Popiſh* Seducers,

Gull. —And imbroider'd Petticoats, Man-catchers.

Enter Sir Populer *preciſely dreſt.*

Faith. Hiſt! Sir *Popular.* [*at to* Gullman.

Gull. —Take comfort Girl, the good man was very full upon that point the laſt day; you took notice of his Doctrine?

[*ſeeming as if ſhe did not perceive* Sir Pop.

Sir *Pop.* Siſter ſpotleſs you are well employ'd, I conceive; there are not many o' your Sex that imitate you now adays; —they'll rather exhort their Women to read a wanton Pamphlet, than a Paragraph of a good Sermon.

Gull. Plainly Brother, I was e'en reminding her of her great concern in this World,——we are all Fleſh. [*looks up.*

Sir *Pop.* Ay Siſter, but that conſideration is but little laid to heart in theſe days.

Gull. —Eſpecially amongſt the Worldlings that are ſet above us.

Sir *Pop.*——Never truſt me, I am weary of this vexatious world, I wiſh I were well diſpos'd out of it.

Gull. —— Offences are given daily, and by thoſe that ſhou'd heal 'em;——The parti-colour'd Prieſts put on their Maſquerading Robes, and tread a *French* Dance to the ſound of an Organ. [*in a Canting tone.*

Sir

Sir *Pop.* Whilſt the Judges give falſe meaſure, in the Whore of *Babylon*'s Scarlet Petticoat.

Gull.——A Parchment Cloak of blank Deeds wou'd be a more ſeemly Wear for 'em a great deal:——Well, who knows, what they have to anſwer for! [*caſts up her eyes.*

Sir *Pop.* Then what a pack of debaucht Reprobates are they about Court;——They haunt their Neighbours Board, and defile their Beds; and here amongſt the number, if a teaching Brother carries but ſome crumbs of Conſolation, to a Siſter in anguiſh; how uncharitably will they interpret the duty.

Gull. What gaudy Kicſhaws are their Women? In good truth, they're as common, as if the Land were unpeopl'd; and how hideous is their dreſs!——I have e'en reſolv'd to put my ſelf into a plain Primitive Garb; and defie the ſcornful:——Come, *Faith* my private duty calls upon me.

Faith.——'Tis about your Prayer time, forſooth. [*Ex. Gull, Faith.*

Sir *Pop.* This is the way I have chalkt out to compaſs my deſign; the Widow is Rich and Religious;——Well, my Addreſſes muſt be conſonant with her Severity: I muſt Noſe, Cant, and turn up my Whites, Squint, and counterfeit the reſerv'd Purity of an Hermit, to diguiſe me whilſt I ſue for ſuch a Bleſſing:——In the mean time I muſt play the Patriot with Artifice, and Reſolution; foment Fears and Jealouſies, diſperce Sedition, blind and baffle my unthinking Followers, and be concern'd only for the Religion of my Intereſt;——This is the taking ſure way of repairing decay'd Reputations.

Say what you will; a thriving Zeal is beſt.
To ſerve the City God of Intereſt.

Finis Actus Primi. ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *Sir* Popular's *House.*

Enter Sir Popular, Shuffle, *and three Tradesmen.*

Shuf. I Think we have got fairly by our Passive Obedience, forsooth! And yet for all this Court Doctrine we should find but few of the Sticklers but upon Tryal would hang an Arse to die Martyrs for it.

Sir *Pop.* Alas, 'tis too sure, to our irrepareble damage I fear; ——We are undermin'd my Friends and Neighbours;——Popery and Slavery lurk under ground to blow up our Lives and Liberties.——Our great Senate, that like a firm Bank, brav'd the Impetuous Flood, and confin'd it to its Channels, is remov'd; and now *England*, distressed *England*, is at the mercy of a threathing Deluge;——How soon it may break in upon us, we cannot tell;——The great Ministers, are Mercenary Pensioners; and Creatures to the *French* Interest; The Favourites are the high-flown *Torys*, a swarm of Insects bred of the malignancy of a corrupting Nation, and the few just men are stigmatiz'd with aspersions; Witnesses are manag'd, Courts of Justice are influenc'd, and though Imposts are but few for the present, I'll warrant they'll play us an after-Game with a witness, and Trade and Commerce is decay'd:——In brief, there's such traducing, shaming, tampering, and conspiring, that I never go to Bed, but I expect to rise with my Throat cut. [*They seem disorder'd.*

Shuf. And too great reason you have for it;—— whilst I was at the Nine-penny Ordinary t'other day, there came a person up to us, in the habit of an Oyster-wench, with Oyster-knives as sharp a Razors.

Sir

Sir *Pop.* ——— Some Jeſuit ſure enough.

Shuf. Ay doubtleſs, he lookt ſuſpiciouſly.

Sir *Pop.* ——I had notice on't, and order'd the Watch to be doubled;——beſides, the Conſtables was upon their Rounds all Night.

Shuf. —Yet there was a Shooe-maker had the Skin of his Throat ripl'd as he ſlept upon a Bulk.

Sir *Pop.* The Watch ſav'd his life.

All. ———Bloody Villains.

Shuf. It was buz'd about at *Richard's* this Morning, that the *Papiſts* had a private Meeting yeſterdy, at One upon the *Exchange*, about pulling down the Monument the firſt dark Night, to put the City to the charge of building two other. [*They ſhake their Heads.*

Sir *Pop.* One for the Memorial of the others ruine;——— but how was it diſcover'd?

Shuf. —— They were fortunately over-heard, but ſlunk away i' the Crowd.

Sir *Pop.* Curſed Devils!—— I had a Letter from a Friend in the Country, that adviſ'd me to forbear *French* Wine; it ſeems the Grapes were poiſon'd upon the Vines;—— They have got a trick of intoxicating the Air, ſeveral have been before the Chamber of poyſoning for't.

Shuf. Indeed, I have obſerv'd ſince this laſt Vintage, ſeveral pimpl'd Faces;—— But our *Engliſh* Men———

Sir *Pop.* Are a people of a robuſt Conſtitution, elſe we had ſeen alterations before this: —— You have heard of the miraculous maſſacring Engine, that was found in *Devonſhire*, by a Juſtice o' Peace that was a ſearching for Armour, han't you?

Shuf. Only a blind imperfect account on't.

Sir *Pop.* 'Twil hurl out above five Miles ſuch a ſort of Wild-fire, as is nouriſht by water, and not to be extinguiſht but by Faſting and Prayer.

All. Matchleſs wickedneſs!

Sir *Pop.* —— Then 'twill ſling for the ſame diſtance, an inſtrument infallibly mortal, without either piercing or diſcolouring the Skin; ſo that a Crowner knows not how to return the Inqueſt.

All. Barbarous Villany!

Sir *Pop.* But the worſt is, it aſſaſſinates the Soul as well as the Body, unleſs one be Spiritually Cap-a-pee'd.

Shuf. ——'Tis more terrible then Totchy Old Time with a ſharp Syth in his Hand.

Sir *Pop.* 'Tis charg'd upon occaſion with a large meaſure full of Diſpenſation Powder, and loden with the Caſe——Shot of Equivocation, which the Popiſh Engineer ſo artificially Diſchargeth, that the carnally naked infallibly Periſh.

All. Horrid Butchery!

Shuf. I remember now I have heard on't; ——But you miſtake the manner of its diſcovery, Sir *Popular.*

Sir *Pop.* Very probable, the confuſion o'the times diſorder my Memory.

Shuf. It came from beyond Seas in a Letter which expreſt the uſe on't; and was directed to a great Roman Catholick in the Weſt, but through ſcarcity of Paper it broak the vale and appear'd.

All. Wonderful providence.

Sir *Pop.* But how little do theſe Conſpiracies awake us? What miraculous ſigns of a Sickly State appear daily? 'Tis not long ſince whole Armies appear'd in the Air, near *Durham*, and the French Standard diſplay'd.

Shuf. Not long ſince Anti-chriſt was ſeen Riding upon the Beaſt with the Whore of *Babylon* behind him.

Sir. *Pop.* 'Tis not long ſince Hail-ſtones fell in the Faſhion of *Crucifix's* and *Agnus Dei's.*

Shuf. Nor ſince one o'the Heads upon *Weſtminſter-Hall* cry'd fire.

[*The Blew-Apron men ſeem diſorder'd all this time.*

Sir *Pop.* Not long, ſince the Horſe in the *Poultry*-Market nicker'd for Provinder.

Shuf. But the City would give him none. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pop.* Not paſt a Month ſince, the Watch ſaw a Dreadful Comet that hover'd above the Banqueting-Houſe, and ſtream'd out it's Scarlet Tail towards the City.

Shuf. Ay; and one of the Life-Guards lighted his Pipe at it.

All.——Daring Brute.

Sir *Pop.* ——But that which diſmays me the moſt, my Friends, is an Apparition my own Eyes were witneſs of; It was in the likneſs

neſs of an Aged man, Riding upon a jaded Rainbow; and out of his mouth there proceeded a Label with this Inſcription ——O *England*, prepare, for deſſolation is at hand.

All. Good Heavens!

Shuf. Sure the Harbinger had made a long Journey, by the faultring of his Steed.

Sir *Pop.* Yet all theſe preter-natural Omens cannot Alarm a ſelf-ſecure Generation; ——How many Suns of late have appear'd in the Heavens? How many Moons of differing Figures and Magnitude have been ſeen at once, to the Diſtraction of Aſtrology?

Shuf. How many tall Men and mixt Monſters have been ſhown of late at *Bartholomew-Fair*; even to the admiration of Men, Women and Children.

Sir *Pop.* *Brutus* was never more concern'd for the ſinking Liberties of his Fellow Subjects then I am; the Sword of Tyranny like that of *Damocles* hangs by a ſingle Hair over our Heads, and if we only gaze at the threatning Spectre, without providing againſt the Portent; we may expect the violation of our Lives and Liberties, Rights and Religion; ——But now my Friends we'll adjourn, and at our next Convention, we'll propound ſuch meaſures as are moſt conſiſtent with our preſent Calamities.

[*Ex Sir* Pop. *and the blue-Apron-men.*

Manet Shuf.

Shuf. Hiſt! Mr. *Zeale*, Mr. *Zeale*. [*Re-enter* Zeale.

Sir, You muſt ſend me a Bever, I am ſo much out upon the Cauſe, I muſt be endebted to you at preſent.

Zeale, 'Tis the ſame thing Sir, you ſhall have the choice in my Shop. [*Exit* Zeale.

Shuf. And he ſhall have more o' my Cuſtom.——

For I, with Citts, as with falſe Dice, will play,
Firſt ſweep enough, then throw the Cheats away.

[*Exit Shuf.*

Enter

Enter Juliana, *as looking upon a Watch.*

Jul. Paſt Three! The long expected Minute's paſt,
Which I with Love's Impatience waited for;
I curſt Time's aged pace, and blam'd my Watch,
Becauſe the Hand ſo faintly ſtole about;
But now the hour that flatter'd my falſe hopes
Is come, and gone; but ſtill my Lover ſtays:
E'en thus the thirſty Traveller, that knew
Once of a cooling Spring, near ſuch a Hill,
Impatient o' the Days tormenting heat,
Thinks ev'ry ſtep a journey, till he comes
To that refreſhing place he uſed of old,
Then eagerly preparing to lie down,
He ſpies the bottom parcht, the Pebbles drie;
Then mutters his complaints, and budgeth on;
Grant he be ſafe—— He's here—— [*liſtens.*

Enter Carol.

How ſoon the gaudy Bubble diſappears.

Carol. ——Alone Couſin! ——You'v been rapt up in Lovers Paradiſe.

Jul. ——I was diſcanting a little, upon a paſſage I have read in a French Novel.

Carol. ——And you the Heroin; ——you are glorying in your Conqueſts over your vanquiſht Admirers.——

Jul. You are in your pleaſant vein Couſin.

Carol. ——I am always in't; ——I have no Murther'd Servants to anſwer for, I thank my Complexion; no languiſhing Lover has catcht cold with ſyrenading under my Windows; I was never accuſed in the Myſtical Name of *Cloris* by the Dying Sonneteer, nor blam'd as an Acceſſary in his Swan-like Dirge; ——Nay, I never cauſed the Death of a young Tree, by an Anagramming Pen-knife, I never——

Jul.

Jul. Receiv'd a preſent of Value from a Servant, and then declared you hate him; ——you never gave a Rhithming Lover a Subject to allude upon, and then expoſed his endeavour.

Carol. If a young generous Fop prevents me, and ſwears his Life depends upon my Acceptance; I cannot be ſo barbarouſly ſcornful as to ſee a towardly Fool cut off; ——or if an unfortunate pretender muſt needs diſcover his Dullneſs, I am forc't to comply with him, and uſe him accordingly, to be rid of farther importunities.

Jul. Now, I am much of another Humour, ——I cou'd not receive a Gift from one I diſreſpected; nor laugh at his Poetical Imperfections; ——I ſhou'd rather pity him, tho' not many deſerve it. [*Sighs.*

Carol. Come Couſin, that Sigh betrays you; be free with me; ——Has not that Gentleman that makes viſits to you, and you believe to be the only brave Man upon Earth; given you Reaſon to retract your Opinion? Ay, a Conſcious bluſh too, ——Well, I perceive your diſorder, ——We'll have a Song to divert you, —— Here—— *Lyddy*, Sing your new Song. [*Calls aloud.*

Lyddy, *Enters, and Sings.*

See how regardleſs ſhe ſurveys
Whole Crowds of fetter'd Swains,
That boaſt themſelves her Sacrifice,
And Triumph in her Chains.
See while their trembling Hearts expect
Some bleſſing from her Eyes,
She frowns, and with a cold neglect,
Kills all their blooming Joys.

Fair, Mighty Nymph! if you thus haſt
To ſhew your endleſs power;
The number of your Slaves, alas,
Will leſſen ev'ry hour;
And while you pleaſe your boundleſs Will,
Your Empire will decay,
You'll not have lover left to kill,
Nor Subject to obey.

Carol.

Carol. Well Couſin, how do you reliſh the Ayr?

Jul. I ſuppoſe the Words were the love-task of ſome o' your obſequious Admirers.

Carol. Ay, and the Compoſure too; —He excus'd himſelf with the Poets Apology for their dullneſs, haſte; pretending they were his extemporary Thoughts over a Glaſs of Wine, tho one wou'd ſcarce perceiue it by the Spirit.

Enter Boy, *to* Carol.

Boy. Madam, Yonder's a Gentleman deſires to kiſs your Hand; I ſhow'd him into the Dining Room, and left him rubbing his Sword.

Carol. 'Tis that Fierce, Vapouring, Coward, Bravado, I fancy; and I had as ſoon receive a Viſitant in the Small-Pox, only 'twill be no diſpoſing of him before my Unkle's return, unleſs I go and contrive ſome way. *Exit Carol.*

Enter Rom.

Rom. My Joy! [*ſalutes her*] 'Tis true, I have liv'd ſince I ſaw you laſt, but no otherways than dying Parents, that for the hopes of ſeeing an only Child, and feeling Death come ſtealing on, will ſet their Teeth, contract their Fiſt, recal their palling Spirits, and ſtruggle with appointed time; I have liv'd to ſee you once again, now let me die, I cannot chooſe a dearer place than this.

[*points to her Feet.*]

Jul. And wou'd you die without me? —How cou'd I ſurvive you?

Rom. Thou Miracle of Women! —You have all the Perfections of your Species, without the Frailties, you have Wit and Diſcretion without Deſign; you are Humble & Eaſie without making your ſelf Familiar, and Modeſt without being Coy; you are conſtant in ſpight of Importunities, and Beautiful though a Fortune; you are---

Jul. —Since I have ſome Qualities that pleaſe you, I ſhall value my ſelf the more; But Deareſt, why did you ſtay?

Rom.

Rom. My Heart; ——I came as directly at the hour, as Death, before, I was loath, —— leaſt Sir *Populer* ſhould be within, and my Viſit renew his Suſpition.

Jul. My Watch then was like my Wiſhes, too forward, I expected you this live-long half-hour, and with as much impatience, as Chymiſts do, for the-reſult of ſome Experiment; a Thouſand Fears as great as Love could frame, diſtracted me.

Rom. But how long Madam may we believe, the time will be our own? When returns Sir *Popular?*

Jul. O preſently, within this half hour.

Rom. We muſt husband it with ſuch caution, as a beſieg'd Town does, their failing Proviſion.

Enter Boy.

Boy: ——Madam, Sir *Populer* is newly come in, and has ſent to ſpeak with you. [*Exit. Boy.*

Rom. The news of Peace never came more unſeaſonably to the Souldier of Fortune.

Jul. —— With what reluctancy I obey, let my ſighs demonſtrate; —— My Deareſt, you may be ſafe here from the buſie eye of jealouſie; if poſſible, I'll ſteal a viſit to you.

Rom. The kindeſt power that ever favour'd love, attend thee. [*Salutes her*] [*Exit.*

Jul. The rareſt piece, the whole Creation has produc'd, is gone; ——What —— cannot I bear one hours abſcence? How ſhall I compoſe this unruly Paſſion? When ſhe's for ever doom'd to a Rival's Arms? ——The raging Storm of Love heaves in my breaſt, and like the weather-forc'd Marriner that labours to avoid the Shore he wiſheth for. I muſt refuſe, what I eſteem ſo dear; I love her too well to Marry her, my unkind Fortune forbids the Banes; I cou'd not ſee her condition below her worth and quality, and therefore muſt be cruel out of kindneſs.

Enter Bravado.

Brav. Dear Captain *Roman*, I am thine abundantly.

Rom. —— You expect I ſhou'd return you the ſame Title back? but how came you here?

Brav.

Brav. What an impertinent queſtion is that to one of my correſpondence amongſt the Ladies; —— Why, pretty Mrs. *Charlietta* cou'd not be well, till ſhe ſaw me.

Rom. —— She wanted a Vomit, I ſuppoſe, and thought that the ſight of you might provoke it.

Brav. ——I proteſt *Roman*, if I thought you deſign'd it as an Abuſe, I wou'd not take it. ——

Rom. —— If I ſhou'd tell thee thou wert handſom, I ſhou'd abuſe thee indeed.

Brav. By the Life of *Hercules*, there's ſcarce a Lady of Quality about *White-hall*, but has my Picture.

Rom. ——To hang up among their Cæſars o' the *French* Draught.

Brav. —— What a Devil! your ſo witty—— But what de'e think if it be for their Cabinet Contemplations; —— I am in Water-Colours I aſſure you.

Rom. —— 'Tis true, thou art well enough for a Foyl,—— But what brought thee hither to me?

Brav. —— My little Genius *Charlietta* directed me; —— Sir *Popular* ſurpriz'd us —— a plague of his interruption.

Rom. You were a bouncing of your lofty Heroick Lyes I'll warrant.

Brav. I proteſt to tell you truly I was promiſing pretty largely, there was ——

Rom. —— Some Matrimonial Affair in hand?

Brav. Will you not diſcloſe.

Rom. —— Prithee don't enjoyn me to ſecreſie; I don't deſire you ſhou'd communicate any thing that requires it.

Brav. You have more Honour than to betray a Love Parol I am ſure, —— know then I had got her conſent.

Rom. To marry?

Brav. No, but to enjoy the Freedom on't without the Form.

Rom. ——It cannot be ſure.

Brav. 'Slife there's no holding out where I beſiege, ſhe Surrendered upon the firſt Summons, our Parley was very ſhort.

Rom. I am ſurpris'd, tho', I confeſs, I had but little Knowledge of her; ——Well, ——There's not above one Virtuous Woman.

Brav.

Brav. One! That's too many by 'th Exception; ——Why who wou'd ha' thought her Couſin *Juliana* had been common?

Rom. ——*Juliana* common!

Brav. ——Ay as a Bench in a publick Walk; ——We Coacht it out a Town together Yeſterday.

Rom. Raſcal Dog, you Lie, you abuſe her; —but here's her Vindication. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*]

Brav. Why, ——What's the Matter? I meant like a Friend, I knew you lov'd her, and therefore took this Occaſion to undeceive you.

Rom. Sirrah, I have ſcarce Patience to wait for a farther Information; yet the Reſpect I have to the quiet of the Houſe, ſhall prevail with me at preſent, but be ſatisfy'd, thou ſhalt ſpeak it to her Face, and as I find occaſion, I'll proceed.

Brav. If ſhe denies it, I have Circumſtances will ſilence her.

Enter Carol, *as to* Roman.

Carol. Sir, My Couſin ſent me to deſire your Patience, I fear her concerns will force her to be uncivil a little longer.

Brav. ——That's happy. [*Aſide.*

Rom. —Madam, Your Preſence will teach us to Diſpence with your Couſin's Abſence.

Carol. ——Captain *Bravado*, this was a Courteſie to entertain this Gentleman with your Company all this time. [*Roman Studies.*]

Brav. Faith Madam, I was never diſobliging, eſpecially when commanded by ſo fair a Lady as your ſelf.

Carol. I fear Sir, your Complaiſance may be Injurious to you.

Brav. No Madam, my Buſineſs is not very extreme; tho' there's an aſſignation waits me; then I have Two or Three Challenges to write and ſend away.

Carol. Challenges!

Brav. Ay Madam, one is to a Courtier that pretends to Love where I do; another is to a Poet that reflected upon me under one of his Characters; the Third is to an Officer that joſtl'd me in a Crowd, and never begg'd my Pardon.

Carol. Senſible affronts indeed; ——but I hope you'll ſtay and Careſs Madam *Towers*, the Beauty of *Hatton-Garden*, before you go, ——liſt;—— ſhe's coming up I think.

[*Enter* Juliana, *whiſpers* Roman, *and goes out.*]

Brav. You, *Roman*, How came you thus acquainted with this fame *Madam Towers*? By *Jove* a pretty Woman.

Rom. What wou'd he mean?

Brav. ——Why the Lady that whiſper'd you; ——I thought I had Lampoon'd all the handſom Women in Town; ——I never ſee this before.

Rom. Never see her, say you?

Brav. ——— No, as I'm a *Man* of Honour.

Carol. ——It was my Cousin *Juliana*. *Brav.* ——No!——

Rom. ——Yes Sirrah, this was the very Lady you made so Infamous; this was your Wench at will; ——Draw Dog——Draw, thou something less than Coward. [Rom. *draws, kicks* Brav.]

Rom. No Courage, Dastard.

Brav. Prythee, don't take this Advantage, my Sword's not in Case.

Rom. ——No Excuse shall give thee Refuge Slave, I'll fetch thee one that is. *Exit Rom.*

Brav. Confound his Civility; ——I'll go and choose one for my self, I thank him. [*Exit Brav. at the other side.*]

Carol. ——Was ever Coward thus baffl'd before?

Enter Rom. *with a Sword.*

Rom. Ha! ——Is he gone? ——Has he abus'd me again this way?

Carol. ——He was resolv'd not to be guilty of a second rashness.

Rom. ——Well, he knows the greeting he must have, when we meet.

Carol. ——He was in hast to send away his Challenges. (Brav. *peeps in, and draws back.*

Rom. ——If the fixt opinion I have of *Juliana*'s Vertues cou'd have been shaken, I had resign'd it upon this Rascal's aspersion; But Madam, I must beg of you not to take notice on't to her, it may trouble her; ——my hopes of seeing her now, won't invite me to stay; her business I fear is indispensable.——Lady your Servant. (*Exit Roman.*

(Brav. *peeps in, and enters as in hast, with drawn Sword.*

Brav. S'death, is not the Coward return'd yet?

Carol. Yes, but Mr. *Roman*'s newly gone.

Brav. By the Martial Deity it was his safest course, else I wou'd have had no more mercy on him, than a tedious Poet has of an Actor's memory.

Carol. O brave! ——I wonder you that are so bloodily inclin'd shou'd have so much mercy of your self as to avoid him.

Brav. Why de'e think I wou'd trust him to choose a Blade for me;—— The very Sword he drew against me, was mine in point of Honour; I gave it him thrice upon terms.

Carol. —Mr. *Bravado*, I must needs tell you, I question your Courage; and nothing but some bold piece of Chivalry, can redeem your Reputation.

Brav. Command me Madam an Impossibility, and I'll effect it; Shall I fetch you the *Sultan*'s Head out of the midst of his *Janizaries*? Or the Pope in Effigy from the strength o' the Rabble? Shall I bring you——

Carol. Nothing but that Sword o' yours that *Roman* wears.

Brav. That Madam, is so mean an attempt, 'twill sully my honour; but since you command it, to morrow you shall see it laid at your feet.

Carol.

Carol. Well, remember it;——but I have out-ſtay'd my time I muſt go——

Brav. That's the only tryal I cannot ſtand; But is——there no contrivance, Madam, can continue you another Lovers minute.

Carol. Not now, Sir;——Then you know Sir *Popular's* concluſions when he ſees a Stranger here.

Brav. Can you beſtow me in no place conveniently, till opportunity preſent?

Carol. Let me ſee——Ho, I have it,——There ſtands a low Table there ſometimes; now if you'll couch upon your hands and knees, if any ſhou'd chance to come in, they'll miſtake you for it; I'll diſguiſe the deſign with a Carpet;——I know no other way of ſecuring you, till I can wait upon you.

Brav. The poſture will be a little uneaſie, but the conſideration of ſuch a bleſſing after it, will teach me to endure it.

Carol. You muſt kneel here. *(He goes to the ſide of the Stage and kneels.*

Carol. Here——Boy——*(Boy enters)* bring the little *Perſian* Carpet out o' the Dining-Room.

Enter Boy with a Carpet, ſhe covers him.

Carol. He becomes a Carpet better than a Sword,——I'll be merry with him, if he be not pre-diſcover'd; ſuch a triumphing Coward cannot be abus'd enough. [*Exit. Carol.*

Enter Gullman *and* Faith. Gullman *in a homely Dreſs.*

Gull. How do I look, Wench, ſince I reform'd my Dreſs?

Faith. ——Indeed Madam, as taking, as one of five and fifty can be.

Gull. Five and fifty Huzzy; 'tis only five and thirty, I have been no more this twenty years;——'Tis not ſo long ſince I was in a Lampoon; but Youth wou'd be as inconvenient to one of my deſign, as 'tis to a Beardleſs Candidate for a Biſhoprick.

Enter Shuffle *at a diſtance.*

Shuf. By all that's good, that naufelous old ſinner Mother *Gullman*;—— Is ſhe then Sir *Popular's* Rich Widow?—— Well, this Wind may blow me ſome profit;——I'll pretend I do not know her.

Faith. A Stranger here Forſooth!

Shuf. ——Lady I come in the behalf of Sir *Popular Jealous*, and do aſſure you, an important occaſion detains him at preſent from kiſſing your fair hands.

Gull. I am ſorry Sir *Popular* ſhou'd make choice of ſuch an unwelcome Mediator;——Go, go, and repeat your branching Vanities to your fine tawdry Gugaws; you are miſtaken here.

Shuf. Miſtaken, Madam, that cannot be, you are a Fortune, I want one, and Sir *Popular* needs none.

Gull. ——What wou'd this troubleſome young Fellow ſay?

Shuf. Faith nothing Madam, but I Batchelor take you Widow; Come, come, reclaim a young Extravagant by the ſureſt way, Marriage ——— There 'tis in ſhort.

Gull. You ſcandalous, vain, paultry Scoundrel, that never bleſs your ſelf but when you ſnees; a ſhilling o' your own, I'll warrant, is as rare to be ſeen with you as an Eclipſe, and you cou'd have the impudence to talk at this rate to me; I wou'd as ſoon marry a Criminal under the Gallows; ———ſo take that for your final anſwer.

Shuf. Now Madam, to return you my ſenſe of your Denial in your own Dialect, you are a mercenary, loathſom, ſuperannuated, ugly Sinner; you have Bawded almoſt ever ſince you left Bulking; one o' your Names is *Gullman*, I remember your Houſe by a laſting Token; you have more Diſeaſes about you then a whole Campaign in a hot Summer; you are worſe plaiſter'd and patcht up than an old leaky calkt Veſſel; ——'Tis high time indeed you ſet up for a Fortune; —— I'll draw the Curtain and expoſe you, and will have you ſent to *Bridewell* immediately. [*He goes towards the Door*, Gullman *follows and holds him.*

Gull. Dear Worthy Sir, for goodneſs ſake, conſider, you'll utterly ruine me; if you do this, I am undone for ever.

Shuf. There's no way to relieve you but one.

Gull. ——Any way, dear Sir, rather than that.

Shuf. ——Well, the tender regard I have to the extremity of any one's condition, has ſo far wrought upon me, that I am willing to come to a Capitulation with you.

Gull. Your Terms, ſweet Sir?

Shuf. You ſhall give me a Bond for 500 *l.* to be due preciſely upon your marriage with Sir *Pop.* ——if he fails you, the Contract ſhall be void.

Gull. ——But you'll endeavour to promote the Match then for your own private Intereſt, as well as mine.

Shuf. ——That I will; ——You ſhall be repreſented to all advantages I'll promiſe you.

Gull. ——Provide but the Writings, and I am ſatisfy'd.

Enter Sir Popular. [*Exit Shuf.*

Sir *Pop.* ——Siſter Spotleſs, I bid you welcome to this earthly Manſion.

Gull. Brother *Zealous* you have my thanks ſincerely.

Sir *Pop.* ——I conceive, our beloved friend *Shuffle*, wou'd acquaint you with my buſineſs; ——in earneſt, he's a good man.

Gull. ——Plainly, I have great hopes in him; I was recollecting his memory with ſome wholſome Paſſages out of a Manual I have at home.

Sir *Pop.* I have a ſmall piece in this Room, that was writ by a worthy Elder of *Tower-ſtreet*, that fled afterwards into *New-England*; ——I'll recommend it to you Siſter. [*Sir* Pop. *ſtands upon* Bravado's *back, and reacheth up.*

Sir

Sir *Pop.* —— 'Tis remov'd —— I know not where to look it.

Gull. —— It may be fall'n down about that Seat Brother. [*Sir* Pop. *goes to look for't about* Bravado, *he ſtarts up with the Carpet about him, Sir* Popular *runs back in confuſion.*

Sir *Pop.* Good Siſter ſpeak to't, —— I am unfit, —— I had no Devotion in my Family this Morning.

Gull. —— Alas Brother, I have a mortal averſion to all Spirits but my own.

Faith. In the Name of Goodneſs, what art thou? [Brav. *throws off the Carpet.*

Brav. Nothing but your humble Servant Lady, —— My Name's *Bravado.*

Sir *Pop.* How's this! —— Some *Popiſh* Prieſt, that deſign'd to fire the Houſe —— Hoa, hoa, within there. [*calls aloud.*

Enter two Servants.

Sir *Pop.* —— Secure this Suſpicious Perſon in the Garret, till I be at leiſure to take his Examination and commit him. [*They haul* Brav. *out.*

Gull. —— What Providence was here! We might have been all blown up.

Sir *Pop.* —— All their Villanies are detected; —— Come Siſter, I'll order him to be brought before the face of Juſtice, and then give him over to condign Puniſhment. [*Exit Omnes.*

SCENE, Toper's *Houſe.*

Enter Toper *with a Bottle in his hand.*

Top. Was ever honeſt man thus tormented with a confounded abuſive Wife; —— S'bud, —— here's one of her Badges grieves me ſo, I am ſcarce able to lift a Glaſs to my head, [*laying his hand upon his arm*] but here's my Comforter for all that, [*drinks*] This I was forc't to ſecure with as much caution, as a Sailor does a prohibited Truck: (*drinks*) Ha! —— marry if 'twas not for this refocillation, I ſhou'd look as forlorn, as a Bottle half out. (*drinks*) Ah, ah —— this Brandy's a friendly creature. (*drinks and looks at the Bottle*) Alac, alac, I am a dying man, my Hour-glaſs is almoſt run out, and ſhe's ſo watchful, 'twill be difficult to repleniſh it.

Enter Fluſh.

Fluſh. —— My dear old Pitcher, art thou whole yet?

Top. —— No, I have almoſt loſt one of my ears; —— She checquer'd my Corps like a Cheſs-board for my laſt Bout with you; —— A drought choak her for an unreaſonable creature, I han't ſlept over a Pot, nor ſet a Glaſs upon its head this two days, Mun.

Fluſh. Profound abſtinence! There's a mortifying pennance indeed: —— By *Bacchus* I have been at the death of a Sea-Captain, and two *Dutch* Merchants, ſince you and I breath'd one another at *Iſaac*'s laſt.

Top. What did you drink?

Fluſh. —— True *Nants*; —— I challeng'd 'em at their own Weapons, and

and by *Stingo* we had a ſmart Ingagement on't; we pour'd it down like Cataracts, till we were ſo inflam'd, you might have made Slap-dragons in our Mouths.

Top. O Man, for ſuch a Risk now!

Fluſh. By *Jove*, I came to promote it.——Here will be that ſolid trifle Sir *Credulous*,—— the Reckoning will be his.

Top. ——Alac, alac, I doubt I muſt not go along with you.

Enter Sir Credulous *and* Jeffry.

Fluſh. ——Illuſtrious Knight, give me leave to lick your feet.

Top. ——I am ſorry Sir, I have never a Cask o' Brandy to bid you welcome with.

Sir *Cred.*——Seriouſly Gentlemen, I left a Scene of pleaſant diverſion to wait upon you.

Fluſh. Then Sir we muſt acknowledge our Obligation to be the greater.

Top. Was it ſome Bowl o' Punch Sir?

Sir *Cred.* No, no, a more delicious entertainment;——it was a Combat betwixt a Fleſh-fly and a Spider; but after ſome diſpute, the vanquiſh't Fly beg'd Quarter with what voice ſhe had; but I left her to the fury of the mercy-leſs Inſect.

Fluſh. ——'Twas unkind not to relieve her.

Top. ——Here, Sir *Credulous* have at ye. (*drinks.*

Jef. ——I ſhou'd like an Encounter with that, better than the Spider's skirmiſh with the Fly! (*aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* ——I muſt crave your pardon Sir, I am not diſpos'd to pledge you, I drink nothing at preſent but the ſimpleſt Spring-water that flows.

Fluſh. ——What's this?——Did not you give me your honour that we ſhou'd carouſe it with whole Ciſterns in a hand, and Volleys of Huzzahs at every health.

Sir *Cred.* ——But, ſince; I have conſulted the Configurations of the Heavens, and I find that *Mercury* my little influencing Planet forbids it; he is Retrograde, and till his motion be direct, I muſt forbear.

Fluſh. Prithee Knight don't be ſuperſtitious, or if you muſt, let *Bacchus* be your Tutelar Power; he deſerves to be a Conſtellation the beſt of all the Pack;——He's the jollieſt Heroe amongſt 'em.

Sir *Cred.* Seriouſly Gentlemen, if I had apprehended, you wou'd have deſir'd me to drink; I ſhou'd ſcarce have come.

Enter Amazonia *as to* Toper.

Amaz. Sirrah, thou drunken, drouſie Sot, how oft have I charg'd you to forbid this thirſty ſpunging hollow Shurk the houſe; (*towards* Fluſh) Let me ſee him within theſe Walls again, and I'll batter thee worſe than I wou'd do an Ale-houſe Windows.

Fluſh. Hey!——but why ſo net'd good Madam? If I keep him company,

pany, I pay my Club with him; and as for the Civilities I receive from him here, he cannot say they are unreturn'd, when I have an opportunity at my Lodgings.

Amaz. Thou Lodgings! Ay, may be such as the Constable provides for thee, when he finds thee drunk;——Thou art like some Fatherless Libel, condemn'd and disown'd; and no body dare entertain thee for fear of scandal; Thou art so notorious a Bilker, that *White-Fryars* refuseth thee.

Flush. If you were any thing but a——

Amaz. But a what, Rascal? (*goes up to him.*

Flush. A passionate Woman, you wou'd not use this Language to a Gentleman.

Amaz. A Gentleman, you pitiful insignificant Scoundrel; 'Tis a clear Gentleman then I'm sure, What Lands have you, or ever had, but what you carry upon your Shooes in dirty Weather? What other Tenement, but that crasie Cottage, that Kennel for your Soul? It had dilapidated before this, if that steep't Punch-Bowl there, had not repair'd it. (*as to* Toper.

Sir *Cred.* She's more abusive than a Bill in Chancery;——Observe how I'll bob her. (*as to* Flush *apart.*

Amaz. Sirrah, how came the Parlour Hangings cut, the Chinay broke, the Carpet stain'd? Tell me, or Ill use you worse, than the Posts do, as you reel along. (Toper *looks fillily,* Sir Cred. *steals behind her, draws out his Mouse-box, and bolts out the Mouse before her face. She starts.——He laughs, she beats him.*

Sir *Cred.* What, what's the matter Lady?——I meant you no harm by my troth.

Amaz. Do ye sport with me, you babling Buffoon, get you gone amongst your Play-fellows, and be waggish there.——I'll scower the House of you all.——Out with ye—— (*She turns 'em all out.*

Amazonia sola.

Amaz. Tho' the stupid Block-head, has not sence himself to that degree as to be jealous; yet his Companions by their too frequent residence here, may be injurious to my unsuspected pleasures; but now these trifling fears are remov'd, and my kind youthful Gallant may come secure from the turn of Interruption:——Though such a Husband may be a Womans grief upon one account, yet the good ill Quality may be useful upon another;——When my Lover is not expected, I confine the Sot to his hated Abstinence; but when his presence wou'd be troublesom, I indulge his weakness, and the easie Fool thankfully withdraws. (*Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundus.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Coffee-House.*

Scene draws, and preſents Sir Popular's *Mechanicks ſeated at a Table, with News before 'em. They diſcourſe ſeriouſly.*

1. NO, no, we ſhan't have a Parliament this half year, I have a great ſuſpicion of ſome Court practices, let me tell you that.

2. —Ay, there was a Council not long ſince, where 'twas debated about the eſtabliſhing of a ſtanding Army; but the reſult on't I ſhan't know till to morrow.

1. For certain Neighbour?

2. Ay, ay, but too ſure, I had it from the mouth of one o' my Lord Preſident's Grooms.

3. There was a Stranger at my Shop very lately, that told me, the *French* Ambaſſador had a private Audience about ſome Affairs that nerely concerned the Liberty o' the Subject.

1. —But Providence, I hope, will defeat all their Machinations.

2. Here Boy, bring me the *Impartial Proteſtant Mercury.* (*Boy carries him a Paper.*

Enter Sir Popular, *and* Shuffle.

Sir *Pop.* What News Mr. *Fickle?*

2. Here's ſome that's material. (*Reads.*) From *Colcheſter* we are inform'd, That on the 22d. Inſtant, a certain poor Journey-man Taylor lay intranc'd for ſome days, and cou'd not be reduc'd to the leaſt ſenſe by all the Extremities cou'd be apply'd;——at laſt after ſeveral painful groans, the Organs of his Body begun to be diſpos'd, and he return'd to himſelf; after which, he ſent away for a learned Divine. and tender'd him this following account, *viz.* That ſomething appear'd to him in the likeneſs of an Eagle, with *Magna Charta* under its Talons; then preſently he heard a voice in theſe words, *This is* England's *Emblem, unleſs it uſe means.*——Which Relation was not a little ſurprizing to all True *Proteſtants* there preſent.

Shuf. 'Twas only ſome Surfeit o' Cucombers. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Pop.* And *Magna Charta* under its Talons!——How exactly did the Viſion repreſent Tyranny cowering over Liberty. (*They ſeem ſtartl'd.*

Shuf. ——How deſolate wilt thou be, to ſee the Honourable Court of Aldermen ſlaviſhly whipt with their own Faſces! Sir

Sir [illegible]hen our Chests will be rifl'd, our Goods and Chattels distrain'd, [illegible]'d; and so be hang'd at our own expence.

Conventicles must be turn'd into Quires, our grave formal [illegible]ter fly Copes, whilst *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* blow the Bellows to the Organs.

Sir *Pop.* Our Matrons will be Ravisht, our Daughters Deflowr'd, our Children brought up in profane *Toryism.* (*in a Tone.*

Shuf. The face o' the times seem to threaten all this, and still we put the danger far from us.

Sir *Pop.* I wish the Divination of a Strowling Gypsie prove not too fatally consequent.

Shuf. Do ye mean the Prophesie in Seventy Eight?

Sir *Pop.* No, another since, but altogether to the same purpose; only in different Words and Postures;——This last, star'd and rav'd and foam'd, and then howl'd out in a dreadful Tone, the Dragon of *Bow*, will devour the Grashopper of the *Exchange.*

Shuf. Trade you see must truckle to Superstition.

Sir *Pop.* The signs on the *Change*, to the sign of the Cross.

Shuf.——Lawful Gain, to *Peter*-pence.

Sir *Pop.*——The Frock, to the Sirplice.

Shuf.——The Shop-Book, to the Mass-Book.

Sir *Pop.* And a good bargain of Wares to——

Shuf.——An ill one of Errors.

Sir *Pop.* ——But since there's means, my Friends and Neighbours, let us be resolute; shall we be trampl'd upon like Worms, when we may resist like Lyons? Let us Petition, Protest, Remonstrate, Covenant, and Associate against the Common Enemy; let us set apart a day of Humiliation for a Blessing upon our undertakings; let none of us grudge our Christian Contribution to relieve our distrest Religion; it lies bleeding, and her gaping Wounds cry loud for Oyl, whilst we only look on and pitty; let us make a Publick Bank, and list our selves under St. *Michael*, to go out against the Dragon and his Angels.

All. Agreed, agreed, agreed. (*They call for Coffee, the Boy fills the Dishes and placeth them; they take 'em off, Sir* Pop. *says Grace to himself, before he drinks, and after*

Sir *Pop.* Come, my Friends, our present Concerns desire more privacy. [*Exit Omnes.*

Boy. Kindly-Welcome Gentlemen.

Enter Sir Credulous, Toper, *and* Flush. [*They seat themselves.*]

Flush. Dam these dull drousie Coffee-Houses; I hate 'em;——None but your dosing Dunces of business come in 'em;——I had as soon be seen in a Church as here.

Sir *Cred.* O Sir, these are of great convenience to a Republick, I'll assure

you; for beſide the incomparable virtue of the Berry, you may know here daily how the Pulſe of the State beats.

Fluſh. Pray don't tell me o' your State Symptoms, if it be diſcompos'd, I cannot retrieve it, unleſs a healing Draught, my own preſcription, will do it.

Top. Ay, that's the only Reſtorative when all's done.

Fluſh. And we ſhall ha' work for't preſently: we are ſo nigh your houſe, we ſhall have all the Mum-Glaſſes, and Coffee-pots about our ears quickly.

Sir *Cred.* What do you mean by that Mr. *Fluſh?*

Fluſh. Why, I fear the Inquiſition of *Toper*'s Helliſh Wife, that piece of eager Wine upon the Fret.

Top. I frequent Coffee-Houſes ſo ſeldom, ſhe'll never ſuſpect I am here man.

Sir *Cred.* Mr. *Toper*, I can ſecure you three days to your own diſpoſal, without interruption from her.

Top. Marry, Heavens bleſs you Worthy Sir, but how?

Sir *Cred.* I'll adminiſter a certain thing of the nature of an Opiate, but made up of the choiceſt Ingredients the four Elements cou'd afford.——'Tis compounded of the Animal Spirits of a Dormouſe, and ſeveral invaluable Simples refin'd by extraction; one Scruple provokes a dead ſleep without intermiſſion for three days.

Top. For pity ſake, give her one Thouſand, I'll pay for 'um with all my heart.

Sir *Cred.* Alas Sir, the Treaſures of the Eaſt wou'd not do it, yet however out o' revenge to her, and good will to you, I'll prepare a Semi-ſcruple more.

Top. And I'll drink your Health as long as I can ſtand.

Fluſh. What a parcel of Improbabilities lie ſcatter'd about here?——What's this?——The *Domeſtick Intelligence?* (*Takes up a Paper.*

Sir *Cred.* O let's hear that by all means; it inſiſts upon the Revolutions of our own Country——Let's hear if——

Fluſh. The *Engliſh* Genius be as pregnant at invention, as the Foreign;——Well—— (*Reads.*) *Yarmouth, Nov.* the 6th. This day a Veſſel laden with Clarets, was forc't upon the Sands, and was ſtav'd, before ſhe cou'd be got off; but all her Crew came ſafe a-ſhoar.

Top. Marry, I ſhou'd ha' lik'd the News better if the men had been loſt, and the Wine ſav'd.——A Murrin take the Storm.

Fluſh. ——By the next Bumper, if I had been aboard, I wou'd have imbrac'd a ſinking Hogſhead, and gone to the bottom merrily.

Top. O mun, the Tritons had a bleſſed time on't.

Fluſh. ——Ay, there was roaring doings amongſt 'um;——Sure 'twas a Jovial ſight, to ſee old *Neptune* pierce a Veſſel with his Trident, and all the watery Court drinking round in full Shells.

Top. ——Then reeling along and breaking their Heads againſt the Rocks.

Sir *Cred.*——Seriouſly, 'twou'd be raviſhing to hear the frolick Syrens ſing, *Down the Red Lane.*

Top.

Top. ——And to see the sociable Souls knock upon a wrackt Hull for more Liquor.——— Oh!

Flush. And the Green-sickness Nymphs simpering at full ones,—Puny Sluts.

Sir *Cred.*———'Twas always my Hypothesis, that the Reflux was caus'd by their drinking, and the Flux by their disemboaguing.

Flush. ——And a very reasonable supposition too.

Sir *Cred.* ———Indeed Gentlemen, I have spent some years study in searching into the Oeconomy of that Element, but not with the satisfaction my curiosity requires; I am now thinking to descend in a Vehicle of Glass, and so pry into that Constitution, I shall be taken for some Chrystalline Rock.

Top. Poo—this only loseth time. Boy—A Glass o' Mum. (*Boy brings one.*

Top. Jackanapes———why no fuller? Here's not above two Gulps.

Boy. ———'Tis right *Brunswick*, indeed Sir.

Sir *Cred.* —— Pray Sir show me that Intelligence you had in your hand.

Flush. ———No, no, we shall be too late.

Sir *Cred.* 'Tis no matter then;———I had only a little occasion to look amongst the Advertisements.

Flush. Have you found some Spaniel, or stray'd Horse?

Sir *Cred.* ——No, but I have lost an elaborate Thought; if any o' the Poets find it, I shall never have it again.

Flush. Never fear it Sir *Credulous*, they commonly publish all they have, and more too a great many times.

Sir *Cred.* Mine are remarkable, I shall distinguish it,———But are you not for a Dish of Coffee?

Flush. No, no, I hate to have a puddle o' your Outlandish Nusance cloging my Stomack.

Top. Puh.——a scouring Bottle of *Pontack* will scour it again, Mun.

Sir *Cred.* Nusance! Take it from me, its Vertues are unknown;——But what say you to a Glass of Mum.

Flush. Loathsom, ropy stuff; the tir'd Citizen's recruit: I need none of their Artificial Provocations.

Sir *Cred.* Sweet-heart, qualifie a Dish of Coffee with an allay of Tea. (*Boy brings a Dish, he Drinks.*

Top. Faith let's be for *Harry*'s now, I am for honest *Trinkelo*, I han't had my stowage this two days.

Flush. ———Come Sir *Credulous*, now for a sprightly Cup. (*Exeunt.*

Boy. Wellcome Gentlemen.

SCENE II. *Sir* Popular's *House.*

Enter Bravado *and* Carolietta.

Carol. But wou'd not Sir *Popular* be very severe with you if he was inform'd who you were?

Brav. Ay, as the Prentices are upon a Pillory'd *Papist*; there was a pious Baggage with him, did help to exasperate him the more.

Carol. I am sorry for your misfortune.

Brav. Let me be hang'd, if I was not baited by a pack o' Slaves, worse than a Pick-pocket; they lug'd me about, and stript me; and accus'd me of a design to fire the House, and that my Snush box was a Granado.

Carol. But cou'd not the Boy that admitted you, resolve the doubt?

Brav. When I alledg'd, I had several honourable Visits to your Ladiship the little heedless Lace-coat said, he had never seen me here.

Carol. That forgetful *Jack!*

Brav. ——But when the Constables came with their painted Authority in their hands, one of 'em knew me, and confirm'd what I had said before in relation to my self; then Sir *Popular* beg'd my pardon, and promis'd me his assistance in the promotion o' the Match; which, Madam, I hope you'll please to bless with your consent.

Carol. As soon as you present me with *Roman's* Sword.

Brav. Alas Madam, 'tis too degenerous a Trophy, only your Commands will gloss it.

Carol. ——Well Sir, I hope the next time I see you, to see the Sword in your hand.

Brav. I Protest Madam, to tell you truth, I do a little dispair of disarming the Coward to day; my Engagements are so obliging, I fear I can scarce neglect 'em to correct his late insolence.——But——

Carol. These Men of Honour are always so taken up;——'Tis some dwelling business I fancy.

Brav. Ay, by your fair self, and with both Sexes, let me perish.

Carol. ——You are a Man o' business, Mr. *Bravado.*

Brav. ——My Lady *Love-all* (a pox take her) sent to me to be at my Lodgings about three; her Coach, it seems, must stop there; I had no sooner read her Billet, but I had another to unknot from my Lord *Scruple*, a tickliſh resenting Puppy;——I must second him i'th' Morning.

Carol. I never thought my Lord had been quarrelsom.

Brav. No more he is; he has ill nature enough, but he wants Courage, hang him, I have been very smart on his Livery, have banter'd his Coach and Horses, ridicul'd the conceit of his Dress, check'd the rudeness of his Caresses, corrected the harshness of his *French*, the darkness of his Stanzas; and from me all this seem'd like privilege.

Carol. 'Tis like Sir, you might claim a particular freedom, as his Familiar.

Brav. No Faith, I past all this upon him at *Longs's* the first time I saw him; though if one, he suspected wou'd not fight, had but misplac't the least Tittle, he wou'd have improv'd it to a breach of Civility, and then ha' grown Captious.

Carol.

Carol. So much for my Lord; now for my Lady *Love-all*; if I miſtake her not, ſhe's none o' the moſt correct Pieces.

Brav. As diſorderly a Maukin as ever was beholden to art; —— She has a caſt of an eye, which I perſwade her is a wanton, delicious Ogling; then her Lips are bloated, which ſhe calls full and pouting; and her Chin is reflext, but ſhe complements the deformity as a dimple; then her complexion is a kind of a Hue made up of all colours, and changeable according to the poſition of the eye.

Carol. So, —— your deſcription is copious enough a'ready; yet it ſeems you can diſpence with all theſe Errata's.

Brav. I proteſt her Paſſion is ſo unmanageable, ſhe'll admit of no repulſe. Nay, ſhe'll betray it in publick; She's now working me a Suit o' Lace which ſhe expects I'll wear.

Carol. 'Twere pitty Sir to diſappoint ſo kind a Creature, which I am afraid you muſt do, if your ſtay here be any longer; ——— I wou'd not detain you another Minute for all the Joys you carry along with you; —— Therefore, pray, if you muſt be formal, take your leave.

Brav. If the Queen of Love ſhou'd come to court me, to the full poſſeſſion of her ſtore, I wou'd refuſe the ſueing Charmer for one Kiſs of that inviting Hand: Ay, tho' my Principle was in the Field, and ſtripping to encounter; I am ſure I ſhou'd ſtruggle with my honour, before I cou'd leave you.

Carol. Fie Sir, this is too ſoft, this Spirit will never diſarm *Roman.*

Brav. I cou'd as ſoon be kick't, and ——— —

Enter Roman *as reading a Letter*: Bravado *ſlinks out at the Door.*

Carol. Mr. *Bravado*, What are you gone? *(crys after him.*

Rom. ——— How! Was that ſparkiſh thing here, and gone?

Carol. ——— Ay, and in all the haſte that a Coward can make from the purſuit of danger; —— I'm beholden to you Sir, elſe it wou'd ha' been as difficult to ha' remov'd him, as 'tis to ſeparate an old Stateſman and his Opinion.

Rom. ——— I am ſorry Madam, I was not inſtrumental to your delivery a little ſooner.

Carol. Truly his Company was as inſupportable, as a noiſe of Beggars is to a Miſer; firſt he tortur'd me with an endleſs diſplay of Proweſs; then made a Digreſſion to the Women, how paſſionate ſome perſon of Honour was for him; and ———

Rom. I fear he'll ſcarce make me a Confident to his Amorous Atchievements any more.

Carol. No, —— you did not acquit your Truſt with that Fidelity was requiſite; but he reſolves to correct you for't ——— I have appointed him proportionably a harder Task than ever *Hercules* undertook.

Rom. Is it to diſcharge a Pot-gun without winking.

Carol. No, 'tis only to make me a Preſent; I conceit I cou'd weild a Sword

Sword well, and shou'd fancy yours in particular; but I have made a Vow to receive it from no hand but his.

Rom. He'll sooner venture to snatch one out o' the hand of Justice.——But where's your Cousin Madam?

Carol. Gone to the *New-Exchange* Sir,———Did not her Boy give you a Letter?

Rom. Yes, but it did not take notice where she was; only, that her return wou'd be within less than an hour.

Carol. In the mean time Sir, if you please to divert your self with a History, I'll fetch you Sir *Walter Rawleigh*; I have a little trifling concern that calls me away.

Rom. No,———I'll go and dispatch half an hours business, and be here again,———Madam your Servant. (*Exit. Rom.*

Carol. ——How agreeable this Gentleman's behaviour is in comparison of *Bravado*'s; his modest and equal Deportment steals on insensibly, and wins upon our Sex; whilst the other thinks his modish lewdness is most prevailing; and thus provokes hate with that very Quality he thinks incites Love.

Enter Juliana.

Jul. Has Mr. *Roman* been here yet Cousin?

Carol. Yes, and newly gone.

Jul.———Gone!———It is not Three; I am sure the Chair-men pac't away at a considerable rate, but did not he excuse his haste?

Carol. Only with a Promise he wou'd be here again about half an hour hence;——But I'll leave you Cousin to be passionately elegant upon your Lover's absence. (*Exit Carol.*

Jul.——And sure our thoughts tow'r with the noblest flights,
When pinion'd with the softest Plumes of Love;
What Pageantrys of fond Immortal Joys,
And what vain senceless fears we apprehend!
Tyrannick Passion blindly curbs our Souls,
And subjects all our reason to its Laws;
Whilst slavishly we own its Sovereign right
Esteeming such bright Chains as Ornaments.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Madam, a Footman in a Blue Livery seam'd with red, gave me this Letter. (*gives her the Letter.*) (*Exit.*

Jul. 'Tis from Mr. *Roman*, Pray Heavens the Inclosure prove as welcom; I open it with as much awful dread, as a modest Penitent does his heart to his Confessor. (*Reads it and sighs.*)———Nor was my fears, thin shallow Phantoms;——Alas some ill-natur'd business has detain'd him; and we must be divorc't a whole day more;——A Day!——It must not be——I can't be rackt with the Convulsions of hope and fear so long;——I'll write with all

all the feeling Thought, Pathetick Love can dictate.——But ſure he'll come, twas only ſome deſign to heighten my ſurprize.——But if he ſhou'd not——Yes he will——my confuſion of thought diſtracts me;——I make needleſs Objections, and return as wild Anſwers;——Well——my reſtleſs paſſion has almoſt wrought it ſelf into a calm;——my Spirits grow dull, my Eye-lids heavy, and all my Faculties indiſpos'd;——I'll endeavour to ſettle my diſorders with a Slumber. (*She ſits down, and leans back as ſleeping.*

Enter Sir Popular, *Sir* Credulous, *and* Jeffry.

Sir *Cred.* Ha! Seriouſly the Lady's Organs are untun'd;——but don't diſturb her.

Sir *Pop.* Pray let me conceive your reaſon for't.

Sir *Cred.* You ſhall know it preſently——*Jeffry* here take this Key,——go into my Repoſitory, and fetch me the Paper with the black Seal upon't. (Jeffry *takes the Key and goes out.*

Sir *Pop.* I hope you intend no harm here, Sir *Credulous*,

Sir *Cred.*——No, no,——I have only ſent for a certain Philter, which was found out after many years travel, and long experience, by that *Æſculapius* of his Age, *Don Arnando Curioſo* the *Spaniſh* Phyſician.

Sir *Pop.* The Virtues of it?

Sir *Cred.*——They are innumerable Sir,——if you be Frenchify'd, it cures you beyond *Mercury*, without Salivation or *Bagneo*, if you be ſcorbutick, it carries off the malignity by its operation Diuretick,——if you be Hypocondriacal, it——

Sir *Pop.*——Here's a hippo-conjuring with you;——Do you make my Houſe an Hoſpital? This was not the buſineſs of your viſit, I conceive, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* But its greateſt vertue is——

Sir *Pop.*——Pray no more of its Vices, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* I tell you Sir, 'tis of ſo ſubtle and inſinuating a nature, that by its Incorporation with the air, it ſmites upon the Olfatick Organ, and produceth the effect of Love; 'twill be requiſite to my deſign with your Neece.

Sir *Pop.* Moſt requiſite indeed. (*Enter* Jeffry *gives him a Paper.*

Sir *Cred.* Sir *Popular* take care to hold your Noſe upon the op'ning of this Paper, or your Paſſion may be greater for me then becomes your Sex; *Jeffrey*, do you make uſe of the ſame precaution.

Jef. Not I Sir, none can love a good Maſter too well.

Sir *Cred.* An honeſt Servant. (*Sir* Cred. *unties the Paper. Sir* Pop. *goes up to him, and ſpeaks through the Noſe.*

Sir *Pop.* In earneſt, 'tis like your ordinary Damask Powder.

Sir *Cred.* It reſembles it indeed. (*Sir* Cred. *holds it under* Juliana's *Noſe.*

Sir *Pop.* 'Tis no ſuch ſubtile Body, Sir *Credulous*.

Sir *Cred.*——You muſt know Sir, there are certain minute Volatile Particles afloat amongſt the groſſer; and from theſe proceeds this *Philo-poietick* quality.

Jef.

Jef. His Trumperies are like the *French* flim-flams, valuable only becauſe of their hard Names. (*Aſide.*) (*Sir* Cred. *ties up the Stuff.*

Sir *Cred.* Here *Jeffry*,——carry it ſafely back.——But hark you Sirrah, has no odd Commotions ſollicited you?

Jef. Y'faith Sir, Methinks you look exceeding lovely; ah that Eye, that Chin, that Forehead; y'faith Lady Maſter if you were but a Woman, I know what I know ——— ah,

Sir *Cred.* Get you gone, get you gone, you Knave you;——did not I give you warning o' this. (*Ex.* Jeff. *bowing and kiſſing his hand towards Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred.* Now, Sir *Popular*, you may inlarge your impriſon'd ſenſe.

Sir *Pop.* What a wonderful effect it has wrought upon the poor Creature, I perceive there's no reſiſtance.

Sir *Cred.* You may as ſoon unravel your Deſtiny.

Sir *Pop.* Now Sir, ſince your Marriage with my Neece is unqueſtionable, I conceive, you'll conſider how active and induſtrious I have been; her Fortunes are exactly as I acquainted you; and thereupon I muſt preſume to tell you, I have a Suit to you.

Sir *Cred.* I won't part with an Atom of my Powder before hand.

Sir *Pop.* Under favour Sir, dont believe my requeſt to be ſo unreaſonable;——'Tis only to lend the Good Old Cauſe one Thouſand Pound before the Conſummation of your Conjugal Bleſſing, and another Thouſand after.

Sir *Cred.* What, then is your Brotherhood's Treaſury exhauſted?

Sir *Pop.*——'Tis only lent for the better confirmation of our Laws and Liberties; and muſt be to be expended in the maintenance of the Cauſe aforeſaid; I am commiſſion'd Receiver, and will take care your Talent ſhall be improv'd; in earneſt I will.

Sir *Cred.* Soft;——She awakes.———

Juliana *as ignorant of their preſence.*

Jul.——Why did the dear deluſion fleet away,
And ſo abruptly cloſe its flat'ring Scene?
How pleaſingly tranſported have I been
With ſhort and kind abuſing Extaſies?
I thought I tumbl'd on a Moſſy Pallet,
Cloſe by a Stream that gently ſtole away,
And hum'd with ſoft confuſion as it run
Amongſt the ruſtling Pebbles, and along
The verdant Banks, grew Rows of ſtouping Vines:
Up ſtarts a Sylvan from a Covert buſh,
Untwines the circling Branches till they bled,
And brought the ſwelling Cluſters to my hand,
Then after ſome Grimaces, trip't away.
One Grape far more tranſparent than the reſt
I cull'd, and ſporting with it, dropt it in, Then

Then catching at it suddenly, methought
I slip't, and so awak't with the affright.
Still, still——— (*Shee sees 'em and starts.*

Sir *Pop.* Neice, Neice, I must not suffer you to choose a Grape for your self, I have provided one here for you.

Sir *Cred.* Lady, I was the Grape you were so concern'd for, and am safe;——through this transparency you may read my passion.

Jul. Pray Sir don't insult over an innocent surprize.

Sir *Cred.* 'Twill be convenient Sir *Popular*, that you moralize the *Sylvan* and withdraw; I perceive the Operation already; therefore your Presence and the Lady's Modesty may be a little dissonant.

Sir *Pop.* In earnest, you provide discreetly. [*Ex. Sir* Pop.

Sir *Cred.* Now fair Angel, let not an Abstemious Bashfulness restrain your Desires; Come and pour out your Love-sick Soul into my Breast,———I'll cherish it, and restore it whole again. (*Goes to her to Salute her, she throws from him.*

Jul.———Infect not me with your Pestilent Breath; I loath your Embraces.

Sir *Cred.* Shaw, this is the strangest humour: Come, I'm confident you love me.

Jul. Enjoy your belief then. [*Ex.* Juliana.

Sir *Cred.* Well.——She shall never taste the Joys she has refus'd, I'll punish this coyness with disdain, till her Tears petrifie her; then she shall stand as a Monument for bashful Maids. *Enter* Carol.

Carol. I cry you mercy Sir, if I have intruded upon your Secresie; I expected my Cousin had been here.

Sir *Cred.* Don't retreat my Pretty Creature, bless me only till I have given you an account of that unhappy Creature. *Carol.* Unhappy! No sure.

Sir *Cred.* She might ha' been otherwise, only she neglected it;—— in Fine, Madam, she loves me.

Carol. In troth as great an unhappiness as cou'd befal her. (*Aside.*) But I hope Sir, you are not so cruel as to see her Virgin Blossoms snatch't by Death; since you can prevent the Tyrant's long reach.

Sir *Cred.* But if I do; I'll be hang'd in her Zone;——She has already disown'd her Title to my Heart, and never shall be admitted to a second Claim.

Carol. Truly some o' these Women are so humerous——Now, I never cou'd refuse in publick, something I long'd for, and then condemn my self for it in private.

Sir *Cred.* Most excellent Form, you alone have reconcil'd me to your Sex; There is a secret Harmony betwixt our Complexions, and I do here proclaim you Mistriss of my Heart. *Enter* Bravado.

Brav. What——Sir *Credulous* here?——You have made use o' my Name Knight for your Introduction.

Sir *Cred.* You mistake Sir; my own challengeth a greater Interest.

Brav. And you have a pretence to that Lady.

Sir *Cred.* I have seriously; and her goodness has encourag'd it.

Brav.——Madam will you throw your self away, upon an undiscerning Idiot, that dotes more upon Tinsel Toys than real perfections? He'll barter your whole Fortunes for a Painted Rattle.

Sir *Cred.* Lady, he's a ſtupid Illiterate Animal; in nothing humane, but only that he laughs and looks up;——You muſt pardon him, he knows not how to value a Rarity.

Brav. Why, you Incorrigible Fool, will you miſcal your Trangam Rarities?

Sir *Cred.* I'll appeal to you Lady if theſe be Trangams;——Firſt for Antiquities——I can produce one o' the *Trojan* Horſe's Shooes; a Black-Jack of a *Grecian* Officer's Boot-Top; a Pocket-Glaſs of *Janus*'s Spectacles, and ſeveral others. Now for my Novelties——

Brav. Your Antiquities are Cheats, and your Novelties, Traſh.

Sir *Cred.*——Thou art a Moving Clod, and acts only by the Dictates of Heat and Moiſture.

Brav. You are an Hoſpital of lame Arts, and ſickly Sciences.

Sir *Cred.* Thou art a Lyar with a bad Invention.

Brav.——Thou art a Title-page to a Treatiſe of Elves and Goblins.

Sir *Cred.* Thou art an *Æſop* Fables, without the Morals.

Carol. Gentlemen, you talk of Elves and Goblins, wou'd they don't hear you; I'll aſſure you this Room's haunted.

Brav. By *Jupiter*, if a leering Shadow ſhou'd come in hither, I wou'd make bold to kick its lean Worſhip out again.

Sir *Cred.* I ſcarce think thou haſt bravery enough to encounter Air.

Brav. I never heard he durſt draw a Sword. (*Aſide.*) Come Sir Draw, you ſhall have a fatal proof on't preſently. (*They both Draw.*

Sir *Cred.* Now Sir, I'm for ye.

Brav.——Ha;——Wou'd I were well off it again. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis your Armour perhaps that makes you reſolute; we'll ſtrip and fight it fairly. [*They both ſtrip.*

Carol. Indeed Gentlemen, there ſhall be no blood ſhed here;——I'll call in the Houſe. [*Exit* Carol.

Sir *Cred.* Now Caitif, I'll mince thee worſe than a City Sempſtreſs does her words.

Brav.——And this ſhall maul you more, than a dull Author do's his Original.

Sir *Cred.* Have at your Soul.—— [*They both ſlie back, and puſh quick at a diſtance. Enter two Antiſks and Dance, Sir* Credulous *and* Bravado *run in a Fright to either ſide of the Stage, and ſtand cloſe; The Antiſks take their Coats in the Dance, and throw 'em out at either Door, then their Hats, then their Peruques off their Heads, and dance out with 'em. Sir* Credulous *looks out fearfully.*

Sir *Cred.* Bleſs me, what a frightful Gambol was this, am I alive, tro. [Brav. *looks up.*

Brav. Are they gone——I am all in a Sweat,——Doubtleſs they were a couple of Devils, that were waiting for us, if we had kill'd one another.

Sir *Cred.* But they were diſappointed for all their cunning;——My hair ſtood ſo erect, I cou'd perceive it move my Wig.

Brav. Why, where is it? [*Sir* Cred. *lays his hand upon his head.*

Sir *Cred.* Good now! 'Tis gone and yours too.

Brav.——Mine too! A Plague o' their Pilfering Frolick;——And our Cloaths too, as I live.—— [*They look ſimply upon one another.*

Enter Carol.

Carol. You are like Gladiators indeed now, Gentlemen. *Brav.*

Brav. I Proteſt Madam, Sir *Cred.* ows his Life to an Accident, or let me periſh.

Car. ——Was not your Sword ſharp enough?

Sir *Cred.* Ha, ha, the Lady was arch upon him there; ha, ha, ſeriouſly the Fancy makes me amends for the loſs of my Cloaths.

Carol. ——How!——Your Cloaths gone, ſay you?

Brav. Ay, faith Madam,——juſt as I directed the dead-doing point to his Heart, his guardian Devil interrupted the Paſs, ſweep't away our Cloaths, and vaniſh't in a Flaſh o' Fire.

Sir *Cred.* Fair Creature, the odds were mine when the Dæmons came;——but the truth on't is, they took their leave a little rudely.

Carol. Gentlemen, Sir *Popular* will be here preſently; therefore if you'll walk into my Chamber you may be unſeen there, till you can Careen your ſelves again. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Shuffle's *Lodging.*

Shuffle ſolus.

HOw ill my Practice and my Principles agree!——My Maiden honour at firſt reſolv'd and ſtrugl'd with unwilling Conflicts, before it yielded; but Poverty importun'd, and Proffers prevail'd;——Now I can cheat a Citizen with a City Conſcience;——Yet ſtill methinks I have ſome remorſe;——But why have I?——Theſe People I deal with, deſerve no better;——They'll lift one hand up to Heaven, and pick Pockets with the other:——A fair Correſpondence with them, loſes its gloſs; and is but Honeſty miſplac't; But——

Enter a Quack.

Quack. 'Tees ſtrange Sir, yoo ſhoud no remember me, meetheenks yoo have no reeſon too complain of me uſage,——Dee Cure was both ſpeedy an perfect:——But yoo dou foorgeet me.

Shuf. No, no, my Shins and Shoulders put me in mind of you: I feel the Symptoms on't ſtill; I fear the Lues frets in my Veins ſtill; then, I have Gleetings frequently.

Quack. Deſe bee oonly ſome Seminal Waſtings, de which do proceed from your Weekneſs; bot me vill ſend you a Doſe of my *Pilulæ Retentrices*, de which vill obſtruct 'em.

Shuf. None o' your ſipper-ſawſes for me any more, good Mr. Doctor, you have tamper'd with me too much already; but my comfort is, *No Cure, no Money.*

Quack. Vell, Vell, bot Begar me vill no abus'd by yoo,——Me vill eder have my Money or yoor Boody.

Shuf. A Pox o' your damn'd mincing; why do you clip at this rate to me you Counterfeit Raſcal; do not I know you? Was not I the firſt that adviſ'd you to melt your words; and paſs for a Forreigner? If it had not been for me, you had only been a *Zany* ſtill; Did not I witneſs you went out Doctor at *Padua*, and taught you to counterfeit your Teſtimonial from thence?

Quack. Well, Well, this ſhan't bring you off, I'll tell you ſo much.

Shuf. Do your worſt you drudging Clyſter-pipe, I'll make you flie the Town, I'll aſſure you; I'll acquaint the College who you are; and how you are in Fee with an Apothecary, to preſcribe coſtly Drugs, and rich Compoſitions; which he only obſerves in the making up of his Bill, but never in his Adminiſtrations.

Quack. You ſhall loſe your ſelf, as you walk along, before I repair you again.

Shuf. You repair me!——You Suppoſitor; thou art not Phyſician enough to preſcribe a Drench;——Get you gone and rake in diſtreſt Fundaments; hide your Ignorance with hard words; and maul your Latin beyond cure. [*Ex. Angrily*

Enter a Milliner.

Shuf. Sir, your humble Servant;—— Faith I am glad you'r come, I was juſt going to ſend for you.

Mill. Honeſt Mr. *Shuffle* give me your hand;——I was going upon a little buſineſs this way, and thought you wou'd take it ill if I did not call to ſee you;——My Wife gives her ſervice to you.

Shuf. ——It ſeems then this Viſit was deſign'd;——You told her you were coming hither.

Mill. No really not I; ſhe ſurmis'd ſo, but I did not deſign it at that time.

Shuf. Then the Obligation is leſs o' my ſide:——Come, come, you Gentle Rogue you, you came a' Dunning, did not you? Hang't Man, modeſty and the buſineſs of your Errand are inconſiſtent.

Mill. Really Mr. *Shuffle* you miſtake me, I had no occaſion for Money.

Shuf. And that's well; the truth on't is, I have money ready, becauſe I am unwilling to tranſgreſs my promiſe; but ſince your Occaſions are indifferent, 'twill do me a kindneſs; I muſt diſpoſe of it elſewhere.

Mill. But a——*(Scratcheth his head.)* Well——dee ſee—— I am now going.

Shuf. ——Never talk of going yet Man; here will be my Lord *Change* preſently; he has turn'd off his old Milliner; I'll recommend you to him; he ſhall go home with you and furniſh himſelf.

Mill. Your Servant good Sir, I fear I ſhall be too late for an occaſion; beſides, I don't go directly home, I have Concerns by the way.——Here's one at Door Sir—— [*Exit.*

Enter a Sollicitor.

Soll. Mr. *Shuffle* the Money has been due above a Fortnight, and I cou'd hear nothing from you.

Shuf. How cou'd you expect it, unleſs it were to contract another Debt with you; doubtleſs you are not ſo unreaſonable as to demand Payment.

Soll. ——You know Sir, I am only an Agent, 'tis another's buſineſs; I am oblig'd to the Duty of my Office.

Shuf.

Shuf. Prithee don't ſham me with your Duty and your Office; de'e think I am a ſtranger to your ſpecious plauſible Cheats, don't I know how you ſhift and contract in one another's Names.

Soll. I profeſs to you, the Money was not my own.

Shuf. May be ſo; nor is that your own by right, which you hook in by your barbarous advantages; how many raw Cullys have I decoy'd e're now into your ravinous Nooſes.

Soll. And I think Sir, you us'd to have a conſiderable ſhare.

Shuf. Did not my Treachery deſerve it?——That I ſhou'd be ſuch a Villain as to ſell my Friends! Well, ſince you have paſt this upon me, I'll do the young Gentleman ſome juſtice upon you.

Soll. ——You can't injure me, the Law will juſtifie me.

Shuf. Will't juſtifie your contracting with Minors? and taking advantage o their Nonage, by ſome o' your legal Quirks.

Soll. ——There's no ſuch thing, I never exacted ſo.

Shuf. Have you the Forhead to deny it? Have not I provided you of ſuch Squires as wou'd ſubſcribe to any terms for the relievance o' their preſent wants? I'll unravel all, I'll promiſe you;——We'll plague you, if a Bill in *Chancery* will do't.

Soll. ——See what that Court will decree for you;——but you are ſo paſſionate, I had rather pay the Money, than be concern'd with you;——So your Servant. [*Exit.*

Roman *knocks*, Shuffle *Stands cloſe and won't ſpeak.* *Enters.*

Rom. His Door's open, he muſt be within. [Rom. *ſpies him.*] Here, here, I want nothing of you; I am none o' your Miſers Ghoſts that haunt you for Treaſure.

Shuf. I'll promiſe you, I thought, by the authority of your Rap, that you'd been ſome perſon of a worſe deſign; I have been tormented with theſe ſort of Creatures unmercifully.

Rom. Not ſo ill as I have been with another ſort.

Shuf. Where Prithee? *Rom.* ——In *Grays-Inn* Walks.

Shuf. ——There's variety of humour;

Rom. ——If Apery may be call'd humour.

Shuf. It paſſes for it there;——But who did you ſee?

Rom. ——I ſaw that ſplendid, Orthodox Fop, *Jack Rigle*, and was troubl'd with him. *Shuf.* How?

Rom. Why firſt, after he had run out his Chain o' Thoughts, by way of Greeting, he broke out, Dam-me, he was glad to ſee me, and eſpecially at that Juncture; for he had expreſt his ſenſe o' the Times, Allegorically, in a Letter from *Leghorn*; and muſt have my judgment on't, which I vouchſaf't very freely, and told him his Stile was tedious and obſcure; he had ſo tag'd it with miſapply'd Figures, that like his Pantaloons, it made a noiſe and was troubleſom.

Shuf. And wou'd not he Glout upon't?

Rom. No, but wou'd reconcile me with ſome of his Rhapſodys which he produc't; I read, but he thought I did not give 'em grace enough, and thereupon ſnach't 'em, then thunder'd 'em off in a fancy'd Heroick greatneſs;——but the wofulleſt ſtuff that ever *Aqua-fortis* writ on Knife, or Tobaco-Box. *Shuf.*

Shuf. He affects that way of tinkling, but with ill ſucceſs commonly.——— Well, how was you rid of him?

Rom. Another ſeaſonable Fop came ſinging up to us, and took him aſide; then begging my pardon, which I eaſily granted, he turn'd out his Toes, and gracefully mov'd away. *Shuf.* How did you beſtow your ſelf then?

Rom. ——I kept my ſeat ſtill, and preſently, two trim, loud Gentlemen ſeated themſelves by me, and made remarks upon all that paſt by; then wou'd bable Gibberiſh to one another, thinking to have it miſtaken for *French*: Now wou'd be paſſionate and talk of love, making Alluſions to the Trees, and walks; after a while two Ladies came, and took up the Bench below me; which they no ſooner ſaw, but left me and run upon them. *Shuf.*—Was not *Harry Smirk* there?

Rom. Yes, yes, and ſhoulder'd a tawdry Chamber-Maid along, and bare all the time; he had up all his revis'd motions of head and hand; nor cou'd a female paſs without a diſtorted bow, and an obliging ſmile from him.

Shuf. He has a pretty impudent familiar way with him;———But was not Madam *Burly* to be ſeen?

Rom. O, She's as conſtant as the Uſurer; ſhe was trouling about very painfully, and all muſſl'd up in Lace; then, her Knots, her Towers, her Gloves, her Gown, were ſo exact, and ſuiting, they repreſented her a moſt uniform deformity.

Shuf. You had variety of entertainment indeed.

Rom. Ay;——there was a poor diſcarded Poet ſitting very penſively under the Covert of an Elm; I pitty'd his ſolitude, and walk't up to him; and after an Epitome of his obſervations, he begun to complain o' the humour o' theſe times; that prefer'd ſilly apiſh Farce, to true ſolid wit.

Shuf. May be he had been damn'd lately.———Now let me have your company to the Coffee-houſe; and you ſhall ſee as luxurious a Medly of Manners there, tho' of another nature.

Rom. I can't hear a ſordid Slave ſaucily arraign the Proceedings of his Superiours, beſides, Sir *Popular* and I are at odds.

Shuf. He won't be at the Cabal this time, he's treating about Marriage with that old harra'ſt Whore, I told you off.

Rom. 'Twill be very merry if ſhe can but bubble him at long run.

Shuf. Never doubt it; I have whetted him, and am in Fee for my Intereſt o' both ſides; I'll ſerve my ſelf of him, and then expoſe him.

Rom. ——I muſt go ſteal into his Houſe, which I ſhou'd hate like a Peſt-Houſe, but only that the Divine *Juliana*'s there. [*Exit.* Rom. Shuf.

SCENE II. *Sir* Popular's *Houſe, A Dining-Room.*

Enter Sir Credulous, *and* Bravado, *as without Wigs and Coats, with'em* Carolietta.

Carol. Gentlemen, if you had been ſeen in my Chamber, perhaps the occaſion might ha' been cenſur'd too ſeverely; but here's a Cloſet in this Room will ſecure you.

Brav. This Whoreſon Boy o' mine! He might ha' been here before this; I ſhall be too late, I have 2 or 3 Cowards to Poſt before 6 a-Clock.

Sir

Sir *Cred. Jeffry* ſtays long too;——What an unadvis'd Mortal was I to undertake any thing this particular day; *Heſiod* reckons it inauſpicious in his *Emeralogia*; yeſternight the Candle burnt blue, and this Morning I ſaw a Tom-Tit perching upon a Bough with his Tail towards me: I divin'd ——

Brav. Hang your Divinations.

Sir *Cred.* Methinks I feel ſome chilling Particles tacitly creeping through my Pores. [*Speaks as if cold.*

Carol. Come but into the Cloſet, and I'll fetch either of you a Night-Gown. [*Shows 'em into the Cloſet,*

Carol. I fancy this Knight is the moſt humerous Whim that ever made antick Love; I have provided a pleaſanter Maſque than the laſt was, if it have but the good fortune to take——Here are ſome Implements in order to it. [*Lays down two Vizards on the Table.* [*Exit* Carol.

Enter at the other ſide Gullman *and* Faith.

Gull. Did'ſt obſerve Wench what a languiſhing kind of a Leer Sir *Popular* ſquinted at me?

Faith. Yes, I believe your Canting Fop is a little carnal; he's juſt ſuch another Arch Wag, as our Brown *Betty* pickt up in the Rounds one Night.

Gull. ——Ho; I remember him;——He us'd to bring a Sword and Riding coat under his black Cloak, to appear ſparkiſh; he thought his own Habit was too notorious; He was a good friend to the Houſe tho'.

Faith. But he took ſo much Flogging up to't, before one cou'd ſtir his Inclinations.

Gull. Betty wou'd complain, ſhe us'd bodily auſterity upon him, till her Arms ach'd; he was a little dull of Diſcipline, only he paid well.

Faith. ——A ſhame take her for a Slut, ſhe incroacht upon me that night; he was made prize in my Province;——marry was he.

Gull. He diſpatch'd buſineſs three times a Week in the Blue Chamber conſtantly;——But I hope I ſhall have no need to return to theſe poor ſhifts again.

Faith. If the Scriv'ner prove but faithful.

Gull. ——He's well enough; the pretext of a miſtake will indemnify him; he really has that Widow's Fortunes in his hand that I perſonate;——Then Mr. *Shuffle* will endeavour to promote it for his own ſake.

Faith. Now Madam if advice from me wou'd not ſeem a little untimely to one of your experience; I ſhou'd look upon't as the ſafeſt way to ſecure him; to let him command the freedom of your perſon, when you perceive a riſing deſire fermenting in his Veins, he wou'd then certainly Marry you, leaſt the diſcovery of his fall, ſhou'd bring ſcandal to the Fraternity.

Gull. May be Wench he'll take us unawares; therefore leave the Prayer-book upon the Table, and go down. (Faith *lays down a Book.*) [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Popular.

Sir *Pop.* Siſter Spotleſs, I had come ſooner, but that I was obliged to do juſtice upon a wicked Apoſtatizing Brother, nay more, he was taken with a falſe Worſhiper in the very Act of Filthineſs, Foh! Foh! I am ſick with the Repetition.

Gull. Oh! abominable, well plainly I am arm'd againſt all the Inſults of lewd men, there lies my Sword of Defiance. (*Points to her Prayer-Book, which Sir* Pop. *takes up.*

Sir

Sir *Pop.* In earneſt a good Woman, I'll warrant it, ſome of our thorough reform'd Authors: Well, the Wicked may talk of their Ability and Learning, but I could as ſoon edifie on the *Seven Champions*, as the beſt of their Writings; no, no, writing of Divinity to any purpoſe is a ſort of Hereditary Patrimony, which none but our Sanctify'd Brethren can juſtly lay claim to: What! the Title-Page is loſt? What may you call this Siſter?

Gull. I have e'en forgot the Name, I fall commonly directly to the Matter, 'tis very edifying.

Sir *Pop.* No doubt on't, a body may know a good Book by Simpathy, my Bowels commonly Simpathize with an Holy Author, before I know one word of his meaning; but let me ſee, (*He takes out his Spectacles.*) I'll find you out a place preſently that ſuits my Imperfections. Ha! How! What's here? Sure I don't ſee right. (*He opens the Book, and it proves to be Obſcene.*

Gull. Oh! I am ruin'd, 'tis it, but too ſure, that curſed careleſs Jade. [*Sir* Pop. *turns into the middle again.*

Sir *Pop.* How! What means this?—Avoid, avoid, O wicked! (*Runs out and re-enters.*

Gull. Abominable, Oh Brother ſhe's loſt, ſhe's loſt, utterly loſt, this was that wicked loſt Wretches doing, my ſinful Maid: Oh! Horrid, and defile my Chamber too with it! I muſt e'en take a new Lodging, I ſhall be as fraid to ſtay hereafter, as if the Room was haunted with Spirits.

Sir *Pop.* Turn her away Siſter, ſhe would corrupt a Convert.

Gull. She's a Harlot, an unclean Harlot, and ſhall be no longer under my Roof.

Sir *Pop.* What will you ſay now if this Pious piece have ſome itching Inclinations this way her ſelf? I can gueſs ſhrewdly by my own Hypocriſie, and believe me, an affected Cant, and a lift or two of the Whites, are the eaſieſt parts of Devotion, I'll attempt her at a diſtance, and if her Inclinations are right, ſhe'll quickly make the moſt of a double meaning Saying. (*Aſide.*) Well Siſter, I cannot but think of this loſt Creature, but indeed we are all frail; but when we find our ſelves weak, we ſhould apply wholſom Remedies to prevent the growth of our Diſtemper; let us, Dear Siſter, beware of our own ſteps, we know not how ſoon the Minute of Sin may come upon us, we'll arm againſt it; let us be joyn'd together to morrow in Pious Wedlock.

Gull. Ah Brother the memory of my late Husband forbids it, though I muſt confeſs, I wiſh to be ſecure from Temptation as well as may be: But Brother let us burn that filthy obſcene Book, verily I ſhall be ſick whilſt it ſtays in the Room: Oh, I am extream queaſie, t'other day I eat but a little piece of a Pullet that was ſing'd with a Leaf of an old Common-Prayer-Book, and it has lain in my Stomach ever ſince. (*Sir* Popular *takes up the Book again and looks in it, and at every Picture he ſhrugs, grinns, and leers at* Gullman, *who turns up her eyes, and wriggles about Sir* Popular.

Sir *Pop.* Well Siſter, we will however ſee the Inventions of the Wicked, and deteſt them: Good lack! Sincerely 'tis pretty to the eye, though it be Leud and Abominable. *Gull.* Ay, They have the Pleaſures of this vain World.

Sir *Pop.* They have ſo, you little Rogue you; you Pigs-ny's, you little Creature,

ture, ye Pugs-face you. (*He chucks her under the Chin.*) In earneſt, I am I know not how——As it might be——Strangely, I ſay it Backſliding.——Well, let me be far enough, Is the Canonical hour paſt? (*He Jumps up.*) I profeſs, Matrimony ſhall be ratify'd to morrow, you pritty little Fubs you.

Gull. Indeed Brother! Oh no, it will be *Friday* an unluckly day,

Sir *Pop.* Oh foh! Dear Siſter, that is really Antichriſtian, and Superſtitious; What! An Obſerver of Times and Seaſons? Oh! 'Tis Popery altogether, beſide we muſt not truſt our ſelves too long in the hands of the Tempter: No, no, to Morrow, to Morrow. (*He takes up the Book again, and looks, and laughs, and ſtroaks Gullman's Bubby's.*

Gull. Sure you miſtake Brother, it muſt not be by any means.

Sir *Pop.* Why Siſter, why art thou refractory? I tell thee, while our thoughts are upright, we may do what is pleaſing to us: Well, well, my little Spouſe, you are my Spouſe, you Wag you, my Heart is wedded to thee, and I muſt fulfil my juſt deſires with thee; Oh the Comfortable Condition of Wedlock! I ſay Siſter hearken unto me.

Gull. But Brother, the Wicked may ſee us, let us not be a ſtumbling-block before them.

Sir *Pop.* Siſter, here is an Apartment in this Room convenient for us, but leaſt ſome wandring eye ſhould be about the Key-hole, I'll fetch theſe Whirligigs I obſerv'd upon the Table; in earneſt, theſe Vanities may be uſeful though not lawful. (*He fetches the Vizards.*

Gull. Well Brother, you are e'en the moſt Powerful Man!

They put on the Vizards, and go for the Cloſet, Sir Pop. *opens the Door, Sir* Cred. *and* Brav. *bolt out and run off, crying Devils, Sir* Pop. *and* Gull. *as in confuſion.*

Sir *Pop.* Siſter, Siſter, make haſte down;——Theſe Royſters have ſet the Houſe in an Uproar;——I'll only ſet things in order, than come to your Lodgings and comfort you.

Gull. ——I hope if you come 'twill be for an honeſt end Brother. (*Exit.* Gull.

Sir *Pop.* How ſtrangly this Creature is infatuated betwixt Luſt and Zeal; This Religion is a pretty ſort of deluding Perſpective, it repreſents all Objects of its own colour;——I have us'd it like a Jac-call, it hunts down the Prey, but never goes to ſhare;——Well, this Surprize had like to have been fatal;——How the Devil came Sir *Credulous* in this Cloſet, and in that poſture?——A Curſe upon the Diſappointment: But ſhe'll continue perhaps in her Sacred Rapture;—— I'll go to her before her Tranſport be ſettl'd, and renew my Court; This Religious Twang, I perceive, is the moſt prevailing way of Careſs; if I carry her but at laſt, I have play'd the Hypocrite to ſome purpoſe;——'Tis lucre that licenſeth all things, I hate a Conſcience muſt be humour'd.——

Mine is a Complaiſant, Good Natur'd Toy,
Demure as City Dames, but never Coy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Amazonia.

Amaz. 'Tis ſtrange, this dear expected man ſhou'd ſtay; I am all Convulſion till he comes; —My dead, dry'd up Sot is now belching out his noyſome fumes, and weltring upon his Elbows amongſt wet Tobaco on a flatter'd Table; whilſt I am preparing for a Luſcious Brimmer of Love, with all the reſtleſs Drought Deſire can cauſe. *Enter* Bravado.

Brav. My dear Creature, if this Tranſgreſſion beyond the Period, can be atton'd with the Sacrifice of my Heart; you have kindl'd it with your Eyes, and here I'll offer it.

Amaz. Indeed I wiſht and fretted till I ſaw you,—But why theſe Flouriſhes? I'll excuſe you without this Eloquence; this is not the Language of Love and Familiarity;——But where were you?

Brav. Let me die, if I did not come almoſt directly from Sir *Popular*'s; Madam *Charlietta* (a poiſon her) detain'd me.

Amaz. I perceive then I am neglected;—Theſe Men doat on new Miſtreſſes like new Faſhions, tho' the old ones be both more eaſie and graceful.——Well, falſe man, Well. *Brav.* Prithee my Dear don't pout.

Amaz. I am ſure ſhe's as ill ſhap't a *Jone* as ever was model'd by Rectifier; then her Smile is the oddeſt ſimp'ring air; her Teeth are ruſty in ſpight of all the Operator's art, and fit only to be ſcour'd with a Shooe-Bruſh; then ſhe flouriſheth her Fan ſo awkerdly; and ſhadows with her Patches ſo irregularly; Fough——I admire you can think on her.

Brav. Hang her a fond young Slut; ſhe forc't her Maiden-head upon me; and is grown the moſt Inſatiate Creature;——I was forc'd to heap Sin upon Sin, and Lye upon Lye, before I cou'd get, and was excus'd from her; at laſt, with much adoe:——Indeed ſhe preſented me with a Pendulum of a moſt ingenious fancy.

Amaz. You baſe, unconſtant Wretch, get you gone, and repleniſh your feeble drain'd Chine with Broths and Jellys, and away to her again. [*She throws away.*

Brav. My Deareſt! I have plentiful Reſerves ſtill;——Let me ſtifle you with the Sweets of Love.

Amaz. Well, falſe Man, I'll truſt my Honour in your hands once more, but if you come near her again, may all the Curſes that an injur'd incens'd Rival and a Woman can invent, fall upon you.

Brav. But let us not delay our mutual happineſs, my Dear, all things conſpire to heighten our bleſſing.

Amaz. Ay,——the Cuckold ſnores by this time; and the next Room waits us with all its Conveniences;——Here take my hand——

Brav. Ha!——What noiſe is this?——Yonder's ſome buſtle below.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Sir, here are a Company of rude Gentlemen that ſwear they'll have this Room,——One of 'em they call Mr. *Fluſh*——They're coming up.—— [*Exit.*

Amaz.

Amaz. Oh dear——Alas! I am undone;——He's my Husband's Companion,——Run, run behind the Hangings there, whilst I go behind the Curtain, that skreens the fire place. [*They hide themselves severally.*

Enter Sir Credulous, Flush, Toper, *and two Bullies.*

Flush. Gentlemen, we are now in great Nature's Store-house, here's both Wine and Women;——Let every man follow the dictates of his Inclination.——I declare for bowzing; let all such as are Proselytes for the great Genius o' Goodfellowship, hold up their hands. (*They all hold up but Sir* Credulous.

Flush. What is the Knight a Heretick?

Top. ——Marry he deserves to be stak't to a Tobacco-pipe, and burnt in Brandy for't.

Flush. His Spurs shall be ill'd off, his Arms revers't, and his Posterity attainted.

Sir *Cred.* Seriously Gentlemen, my temperament won't allow it; you see I am sanguine, hot and moist; but heat is the predominant quality.

Flush. 'Shud, is that a Carcass to be indulg'd,——Come, come, disoblige it for compliance and be drunk.

Sir *Cred.* O Sir, you never think of an Inflammation.

Flush. Shaw,——What signifies it to be luke-warm a little; I wou'd not shirk a Glass for a general Conflagration.

Top. Wough, this is a stingy humour Sir *Credulous*;——fill up your thirsty Veins with consoling Bub, Mun; then fall down dead.

Flush. And when you'r translated to Purgatory, disgorge your o'recharg'd Stomach, and so put out the flame.

Sir *Cred.* A Glass or so, Gentlemen, is very inspiring, therefore rather than retard your Jollity, I'll neglect my self, and take one round.

All, O rare Sir *Credulous.*

Sir *Cred.* Now for the Quantity and Quality.

Top. Quantity! Fie, fie, no Limitations, Mun;——We are resolv'd to have a Bout on't, and agreed upon this place as the most out o' my Wife's Road;——The Devil's in her if she finds us out here.——What think you?——

Sir *Cred.* Has she taken my Drops?

Top. Ay marry, I stole 'em into her Glass at Dinner; I saw her begin to stretch and gape presently after. Sir *Cred.* They'll do her business.

Top, ——I am as dry as Touch-wood; What shall we drink?

Sir *Cred.* ——No sophisticated *French* Wine; 'Tis full of Tartar.

Flush. ——What say you to a spacious Bowl o' Punch, Genteels.

All. ——A Bowl o' Punch, a Bowl of Punch.

Top. ——Hoa——the House here. (*Enter a Servant.*

Flush. ——Go and compound a Bowl o' Punch quickly; you have my Receipt, let it direct you;——only remember to throw in five Quarts of White-wine to make up a Body. *Serv.* You shall have it Sir. (*Exit.*

Top. How we shall dust it about! Oh——

Flush. ——My Receit is mightily in request now; They observe it altogether at the Tower; I was t'other day amongst 'em there.

Sir *Cred.* You wou'd find hot service.

Flush. ——Ay, we drunk in Discipline, by the Word o' Command;—— 'Tis the Camp way, and a' mode now.——But how dee like my Panegyrick upon Punch, Sir *Credulous*? Sir *Cred.* Most ravishing, I profess.

Flush. ——'Twas a hot-headed Flash;——if you did but observe, the words are a design'd Bombast, which is the most natural and expressive way to describe the lumbring confusion of a Frolick.

Sir *Cred.* ——Very adapt indeed,——then the disparity of your numbers.

Flush. ——Alludes to the distraction of the Company;——One Capers, another Cringeth, this tumbles down, another over him, and all are jumbling about in a various Heterocliton of humor.

Top. Yonder comes the Lovely Vessel——Now ha' for it old Lads.

Enter the Servant with a Bowl as at a distance.——They shout.

Flush. Run the proud Argo with all her liquid Fraight aground. (*He placeth the Bowl upon the Table.*

Top. Now my Souls o' Brass, let us seat our selves, and bounce it off; marry if I mind Degree, or Quality, let me never drink more. (*He sits down they after him, he takes up the Glass.*

Top. ——Here's a Thimble indeed! Wuh this will never douse us.

Flush. That! 'Tislike attempting to scoup drown'd *Zealand* clear with an Oyster-Shell; Let's drink full ones with a Levit of Trumpets at ev'ry Health.

Sir *Cred.* No, no, That's too extravagant; we'll sip out o' the Bell of an opening Cowslip to the buzzing Accents of an Humble Bee.

Top. Ha ha ha, Siping! That's very fine;——I am mistaken if we came hither to Sip;——Go and fetch us a good thumping hollow Beaker, go.——Siping Qouth a',—— [*Exit Servant.*

Flush. Prithee, 'tis Porterly to drink Punch out of a Beaker.

Top. ——Tell not me o' your Genteel Courtly way of Quaffing, I am for true honest, downright drinking. *Enter Servant with a Beaker.* There, there, this is the Measure.

Flush. Let that be the Standard then; I'll sound it, tho' 'twere as deep as Dooms-day.

Sir *Cred.* Seriously Gentlemen, 'tis too Hyperbolical; but I'll venture to evacuate it once or twice.

1 *Bully.* By *Styx*, I scorn to refuse it. 2 *Bully.* And I, by *Lucifer*.

Flush *fills and Drinks.*

Flush. A Health to our Royal Master. (*The rest Sing, whilst he Drinks, And so round at every Health.*

Flush. Hah my brave Boys! Is not this better than Plotting, and Leaguing, and Clanning and Shamming? A Pox o' these unquiet Curs, that must be yelping against Heavens Luminary, and only because 'tis bright.

Sir *Cred.* A troublesom Crowd of Insects, that are Pestilential to the heat that preserves 'em.

Top. That Buzzlike Bottl'd-Ale, and only make a noise because they'r froathy; ——Foh——the very naming 'em furrs my Mouth;——I must e'en rence it with a Bumper or two. (*He fills twice and Drinks.*) 1 *Bully.*

1 *Bully.* ——Ah rare *Toper!* Thou art the Prince of a Man.

Top. Y' Good Faith you Rogues, you see the worst o' me; I only Plot how to avoid the Slavery my Wife wou'd Plunge me in, and to enjoy my Liberty in a Chimney Corner, with a Pot and a Pipe before me.

2 *Bully.* —— By Lucifer that's reasonable enough.

Top. I tell you truth, or let this be my last. *(fills and Drinks.*

Sir *Cred.* You have none o' this at the University, Mr. *Flush.*

Flush. Yes, yes, Drinking is look't upon as a perfection there; if a young Blade after four years Residence, has but learn'd to make a *Supernaculum*; and as much Logick as will prove a Country-man to be a Horse, he's a good Proficient.

Sir *Cred.* Indeed!——Sleepy *Jack Seaton*, or honest old *Hereboord*'s will teach 'um the latter presently.

Flush. Let's about with it, and be sprightly my Men o' Mirth, ten Goe-down's to you Sir *Credulous.* *(He Drinks.*

Sir *Cred.* Generous Mr. *Flush* I am yours to Intoxication. *(He drinks to 1st. Bully.*

1 *Bully.* Dear Sir, your Devoted. *(He drinks to 2d. Bully.*

2 *Bully.* Dear *Tom*, I am thine. *(He drinks to* Toper.

Top. Don't limit me, Mun, I am heavy, and must fall to the bottom, marry must I. (Toper *takes it off.*

Flush. Gallant *Toper*, thou shalt be Canoniz'd y' faith.

Top. ——A Saint Man!

Flush. Ay, and of as good Authority as any in the Calender's——*Shrove-Tuesday* shall be your Anniversary.

1 *Bully.* By *Styx*, his Face is like a Holiday already.

Top. Nay, but if you'll honour me, make me the Prince of Drunkards.

Flush. We will; ——and your Inauguration shall be to morrow; 'Tis too late now for the Solemnity.

2 *Bully.* We'll all be his Peers.

Flush. Ay, his Mightiness shall confer Dignities upon us all; 'tis usual now a-days for a private Club to frame a new Constitution.

Top. And why may not we, as well as the sober Party; ——but how far man shall my Dominions extend?

Flush. Throughout all the Taverns, Brandy-Shops, and Ale-houses, betwixt *White-Chappel* and St. *Giles's.*

Top. Ah——I shall be a happy Prince——Duke *Trinkelo* shall be my Allie.

Flush. Myriads of Mirmidons shall defend your Reeling Mightiness from Constable and Watch, Pillars and Posts, from Chamber-pots above, and Channels below, and all such Hostilities. Sir *Cred.* Ha ha, What, no Laws?

Flush. —— Yes, yes, but *Lex bibendi*, shall be *Lex suprema*, the rest shall be digested into a Code.

Top. Marry, I shall be a Prince presently at this rate, I am as Drunk as a Lord a'ready. *(He looks drowsily.*

Flush. The other Stoup old Toast. *(He fills*, Toper *drinks.)* Ho, hoa,——'Tis down by *Stygo.*

Top.

Top. Ay, if 'twill but ſtay, *(He wrings and pukes.)* This Punch is plaguy cutting Liquor. *(He Hiccups and Throws.*

Fluſh. Ha ha ha——run behind the Curtain there, into the Fire-place, and disburthen. *(He reels thither, draws by the Curtain, runs back,* Amaz. *after him, he falls, ſhe over him, the Company riſe.*

Fluſh. Udsbodikins; how came this Incarnate Devil here; *(They both riſe.*

Amaz. O thou lumpiſh, welt'ring Swine, thou ſtupid Log,——Here's a pickle with all my heart——Sirrah, Beaſt, how came you amongſt theſe roaring Rake-hells, theſe tearing debaucht Ruffians?——I cou'd find to pull thoſe big, rouling eyes out, that ſtare and glow in your Fool's Noddle——I thought I ſhou'd find out your Haunts at laſt.

Fluſh. I believe Madam we have rather found out yours, how cou'd you ſlink in hither unſeen? I gueſs you expected ſome-body, you wou'd ha' been civiler too.——*(She runs at him, he goes back.)* Touch me, and I'll ha' you ſtript, and turn'd down Stairs;——Don't preſume the Privilege o' your Sex ſhall excuſe you.

Amaz. Thou pitiful, profligate Shirk;——He that gives thee but a Pot o' Brandy's thy Darling; ay, for one poor Pipe o' Smoak, Thou'lt call a dull drouſie Pluraliſt, a diligent ſound man; a poor poatching Pettyfogger, an able Councel; a Penny Pamphleteer, an Authentick Author; or a Tooth-pick-maker a Virtuoſo; thou off-ſcouring o' the Town, how durſt thou pronounce ſo impudently upon me? Sirrah, I'll make you know there's never a Houſe of Entertainment, within the Sound o' *Bow-bell*, which I have not a Spie in——I'll——

(Flies at him, and pulls of his Wig.) Fluſh *knocks, enter a Servant.*

Fluſh. ——A Cord here quickly—— *(Ex. Servant Re-enters with a Cord.)* Now Gentlemen, if we think to continue Company, we muſt reſolve to tie her down to a Chair, and Gag her——Here's a Gag——

Bullys. Agreed. *(They Gag her and tie her down.*

Amaz. Tie me! Brutes,——Raſcals.——

Top. But are you ſure ſhe's faſt?——Come——lets e'en take of our Liquor peaceably and lovingly,——A Po-Pox take her for a—— *(He gets to the Table and drinks alone.*

Fluſh. Ay, Gape on till your Jaws crack. *(He knocks, enter Servant.)* Sirrah, how came this Fury here. *Serv.* I know not, Sir.

Fluſh. Get you gone you Pimping Rogue, and let her down into the next Room through the Trap-door, that Deviſe to eſcape Conſtable;——if you untie her Sirrah, I'll confound you worſe than the Pox has done.

Sir *Cred.* Sure there has been ſome default, elſe my *Guttæ Soporiferæ* had charm'd her as faſt as an Incantation. *(The Door opens, ſhe ſinks and makes a noiſe, they laugh.*

Fluſh. Now Gentlemen, ſince the Bawd o' the houſe has inform'd o' the Company, let us batter the Windows, flaſh the Hangings, break the Chairs, and fight our ſelves out in the Uproar. 1 *Bully.* We'll rout 'em by *Jove.*

2 *Bully.* Hey for a ſcouring Frolick. *(Fluſh and two Bullys draw.*

Fluſh. Now for the Onſet;——Come my Squires, follow your Knight,

(They go to the place where Bravado *abſconds.)* *Fluſh.*

Flush. Here let's demolish all before us, and rip the Hangings up in order.

(*He goes to thrust in his Sword,* Bravado *breaks out.*

Brav. I protest I'll make one with you my honest old rending Rogues;—let's pull down the house, and crush the Sinful Crew.

Flush. Bravado! So so——the Mistery's explain'd now; *Toper,* I give you Joy o' your stately branching head.

Top. ——Wuh, What's the matter man?

Flush. Oh nothing, nothing;——You are only Cuckolded, and by this same honest Gentleman here.

Top. Marry, but I'm mistaken if he escape so;———make him drink half a dozen Bumpers for his pains.

Sir *Cred.* Ha ha, Seriously Mr. *Toper* bears it with the indifference of a Stoick.

Brav. Gentlemen, you are well dispos'd; but let me die, I don't understand you;———I had an Assignation here, with a Person of Quality, and expected her ev'ry Minute; a Devil on your unseasonable Invasion, 'Tis at least a hundred Broads out o' my way.

Flush. But why did you abscond, we are all known to you?

Brav. ———You came poud'ring up Stairs with such Authority, I was afraid you had been a Legion of Bayliffs.

Flush. But why did you not appear upon acquaintance with our Voices?

Brav. Why 'Pox I thought you wou'd oblige me to Drink, and my Palate is so Debauch't, since my Last Randezvous with my Lord, that any liquid thing 's a Potion to me.

Flush. All these Wheadles won't take;———But to show you how tender I am of these Amorous Miscarriages, I'll prevail upon the Cuckold and Company to leave you to the Complement of your Intrigue.———Come, Gentlemen, let's Troop.

Top. Wuh, the Bo-bowl is not out yet Man.

Flush. Do but you get rowl'd down Stairs, and you shall have as much as you can swill.———Come, 'tis late.

(*Exeunt, leading* Toper, *two Bullys Singing.*

Brav. Now must I go and enlarge my unfortunate *Herion* that suffers in *Limbo*; then our twisted Souls shall relish all the boundless Joys, that Passion endear'd by Disappointment can contribute.

The Drunkard is the kind contented Ass,
He ne'er Resents, but when you take his Glass.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Bed Chamber.*

Enter Toper *Drowſily*

Top. WHat a ſhame's the matter with me trow? — I am as Sick as a Horſe, and I'm ſure I had not above ſix Quarts 'i my Guts — Foh — here's the ſtrangeſt taſte 'i my Mouth methinks (*Spits*) marry I think my throat 's clogg'd quite up with Rubbiſh — oa — 'tis as rough as bad waies in froſty Weather; — How my Pulſes heave, and my Arms ſhake and dindle 'i. Oh! How a good draught of ſmall Beer wou'd hiſs down! (*He ſtretches*) But 'tis near morning ſure — they are not up 'i the Houſe — I never was thus out 'i tune before; I have catch'd cold under the Table whilſt I ſlept, altho they had laid three or four Chairs upon me; — and theſe one wou'd ha' thought might ha' kept me warm. — Is there never a Couch in this Room think ye, nor a Fire-place ſtrow'd with Ruſhes (*he gropes about*) What's this — a Bed — Ah! — this is comfortable — I ſhall be a happy Man if *Fluſh* find me not out and unkennel me: — Marry, I'll 'een take a comfortable Nap; then riſe up Freſh, and ſlay 'em ev'ry Soul. (*He lies down.*)

Enter Servant, with a Candle after him, Bravado *and* Amazonia.

Amaz. Are you ſure Sweet-heart we may be ſecure here.

Serv. — Ay Madam; — He, they call *Toper*, is lying dead Drunk under the Parlor Table, I have newly bolted him in; the reſt tumble together in the ſame condition above in the Garret.

Brav. Here — be you Centinel below? (*Gives him Money.*) (*Ex. Servant.*

Amaz. — But did you tell the Company that ſome Body had releas'd me; and that I was gone, ſay you? *Brav.* Ay, and they believed it.

Amaz. But did not they ſuſpect us, think you?

Brav. — No, no, — I made ev'ry thing clear.

Amaz. — Now let me tell you ſuch a Tranſaction, as will heighten our Appetites to the delicious Banquet.

Brav. — Mine, my lovely Angel is ſo eager already, that Artifice can't improve it; — I am all Heat and Youth; my Eyes tremble, my Breaſt pants and throws; my Nerves friſk, my Breath quivers, and a kindly generous Fire thrills in my Veins.

Amaz. — Whilſt I am ready to receive your kindeſt Tenders with an equal warmth.

Brav.

Brav. Let's haſten therefore, to let looſe our bounding Paſſions to their abſolute Range and Forrage. *Amaz.* I am all Complyance.

(Brav. *lays his Sword and Hat upon the Table, makes the Door faſt, takes her hand.*)

Brav. Now my Angel, let me lead thee to the Stage of love, to act the ſofteſt part that e'er was utter'd in broken ſighs. [*He leads her to the Bed ſide, ſhe withdraws the Curtain, ſpies* Toper.

Amaz. Ha! my Husband!——— (Toper *ſpeaks as in ſleep.*

Top. ——Piſh Man——the Cup does not ſtand at me——What——are you here Sweet-heart? (Amaz. *ſigns to* Brav. *to go out.*

Amaz. Thou Eternal Sot!——I'll ſmother thee in the Bed-Cloaths.

She muffles his Head and holds him down, Brav. *opens the door and is running out, but is ſtopt by* Fluſh *and two Bullies.*

Fluſh. Are you here!——Come, you ſhall back with us.

Brav. Good honeſt dear Rogue excuſe me; I am ſleepy, I muſt to Bed.

Fluſh. What, you are afraid to diſoblige your Complexion: Come prithee, we want a fourth man till *Toper* be caſt up. (*They drag him in.*

Amaz. Heavens!——I am diſcover'd——What ſhall I do? (*Aſide.*

Fluſh. ——Ay!——The Lady *Amazonia*!——Your Servant Madam, you will find out your Husbands Haunts, I perceive.

Amaz. My Husband! I ſcorn it, I diſown him; my Vow, in the Church was extorted from me, and therefore it can't oblige; I always hated him, and had rather throw my ſelf into the Embraces of a Leper, cruſted all over with an uncurable Scurf, than into his feeble Paralitick Arms. (Toper *riſeth from the Bed.*

Top. Marry Sweet-heart, an you be for that, I am as indifferent as your ſelf; I had rather lay my Lips to the Bung-hole of a Beer-Barrel, than Salute the fineſt o' your Sex, and there's for you again.

Fluſh. No wonder ſhe oppos'd your keeping Company with this rigour; it ſeems, that too great plenty of Liquor, by a common kind of an Antiperiſtaſis has dry'd you;——You are no farther uſeful then only to ſupply her with Money and Opportunities; this is the Spark that relieves her with all other ſatisfactions.

Top. O Sir, much good may doe you; you are happy, you have done more than ever I cou'd do;——I cou'd never pleaſe her, by my Faith.

Amaz. Thou! no truly I think not; I never lov'd to have you come yawning in my face, and infeſting me with your undecocted Lees of Ale, a Hogo ſtrong enough to fetch one out of a Fit o' the Epilepſie;——out upon't——A Dray-horſe were as good a Bed-fellow.

Fluſh. Since your Ladyſhip's ſo very nice and delicate, I wou'd adviſe you to avoid theſe groſs Hogo's, and devote your ſelf altogether to this rare, calcin'd Peice. (*as towards* Brav.

Top. O happy Opportunity! Gentlemen, you are Witneſſes of her Infamy; Now let's go and drink a dozen and conſult over it about a Divorce.

Amaz. Ay, do, do, the Law will force you to allow me Alimony, but if it ſhou'd not; I have provided againſt all Extremities, and will never ſee you more;——ſo a fig for you——Adieu Cuckold——Come, my Dear.——

(*Exit.* Brav. *leading of* Amaz.

1 *Bully.* ——Prodigious Impudence!

Top. Now my Ranting Rogues, let's go and Carous for Joy; now I may tipple undisturb'd, and be accountable to no body, ye Rascals;——I'll never sleep without a Roundlet o' Brandy under my head, and when I die let overflowing Cups drop tears o' my Tomb——Hah Boys—— (*Jumps.*

Flush. Whilst my finger draws out a liquid Epitaph.

Top. ——I shall love thee my old *Trojan* whilst I live, for trapaning my fierce Mrs. *Damnable* thus;——I shall faith! *Flush.* We were forc't to corrupt the Scout.

Top. ——But heark you mun;——Who is this same young Fellow that Sparks her thus?

Flush. The most White-liver'd Coward that ever took advantage; and a modish sort of a Fop that is proud to be reckon'd a Debauchee;——He'll boast of his Venereal Misfortunes, as so many Badges of Immortal Honour; and is as proud of a Surgeon's Bill, as a Noble-man's Chaplain is of his Scarf;——There's not a Great Person about Court, but is his Familiar, he pretends; Nor a taking Nameless Pamphlet, which he does not adopt;——He's a——

Top. So mun so, we have had enough of him here, let's discourse the rest of his Qualities over a Glass;——we'll go to *Harry*'s, he's an honest Fellow, he'll broach a fresh run for us.——Come, my Three Merry Boys, I shall be a Prince indeed now.——Hey Boys.——

Flush. Ay, and as absolute as your Draught; you shall be no more Homager to your *quondam* Imperial Consort; we all swear Fealty to your Diadem; and Brimmers shall be tender'd as the Test;——he that knocks under board shall be look't upon as a Dissenter, and amerc't a Penal Groat the next Morning.——Come.—— (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Sir* Popular's *House.*

Enter Roman *and* Juliana.

Rom. No wonder, Madam, your so soon this Morning, since this is almost the last hour you can call your self your own; sure your Barbarous Uncle will revoke the too severe Doom.

Jul. No,——he'll urge it with all the rigour that lucre can provoke him to;——he knows my aversion forfeits half my Portion; but rather than contract a holy Vow with any other than your dear self, I'll resign my life too, as a burthen without ye.

Rom. Alas, my wondrous Creature, I am each way unworthy of so divine a Blessing; my Fortunes are as mean as my Deserts;——I have ne'er a gaudy Coach grac't with a Rank of Lacquies to attend you; no supple *French Valet* calls me Master; I have no swelling Titles, no fawning Parasites, no——

Jul. But Nature has enrich't you with Treasures more valuable, and tho' the Remains of my divided Portion won't be an equivalent to your Merits, I am sure my Passion will.

Rom. How cou'd I see the loveliest thing my heart ever knew, in a station beneath her too great Worth and Beauty! No, my sole delight, rather than throw away

away your Excellencies upon one wou'd undo you, surrender your self up to your Uncles Pleasure, and Marry the Party he designs? he's rich, and can support you in an Equipage suitable to your Fortunes.

Jul. And can you be so unkind as to leave me now after all your large Professions? Pray don't;—I can't suffer whilst you are neer me; we'll injoy more Wealth in one another's Love, than all the World can give; and when my slender Competency fails, I can Limn, Embroyder, work Lace, and do a thousand such pretty trifling Knacks.

Rom. Thou Mirrour of Perfections! Thy goodness has amaz'd me;—When Love goes to draw Seraphick Sweetness with a Cherub's Face, Thou shalt sit to the little Genius.

Jul. ——Then since you think I deserve you, Why de'e grudge me the Present of your self.

Rom. Madam, I am no more my own; tho' I fear the gift may be fatal; if the visible Universe were mine to give you, I should think it too mean a Joynture.

Enter Carol.

Carol. Indeed Cousin, the Knight will be here presently; 'tis time now to settle your looks into a Marriage Figure. *Jul.* ——Is Sir *Popular* resolv'd upon't still?

Carol. ——Ay, ay,—he's unalterable in such a case as this; he expects you'll rather be nick't o' your 5000 *l.* than consent to the Match.

Rom. Some o' these Aldermen have Consciences as large as their Charter.

Jul. I have not seen this Sir *Credulous* above thrice; the last time was yesterday, and then I us'd him so, I thought he wou'd ha' made no more Advances.

Carol. Truly he resented your Carriage, after his way; I found him in a moderate Foam.

Jul. And did not you tell me he resolv'd I shou'd die for him, rather than he wou'd prevent it with one kind word?

Carol. ——I did so, and more then that, he was so sweet upon me I was half afraid he wou'd ha' Ladyfi'd me. *Jul.*——Why such a change then?

Carol. Sir *Popular* was with him before five this Morning, and tamper'd with his Fool-ship then, I fancy. *Jul.* They'r both very quick.

Rom. Ay, Marrimony now a-days, requires as little warning as in the Play-house; where the Parties shall make the first Interview in the Fourth Act, and Marry in the Fifth.

Enter Shuffle.

Shuf. Ladies, your humble Servant: this, I understand is like to be a jovial day.

Rom. Ay, Sir *Popular* intends to have a band o' Fiddles towards the Evening.

Shuf. No, no, he's for none o' your Cat-gut Minstrelsie; but prithee *Roman*, What pretences can you have here now?

Rom. Why truly *Shuffle* as many as ever I had.

Shuf. Well, but this is no time for fooling;——in short, the business is this—— Sir *Pop.* Marries this very day, and is now at Sir *Credulous Trinket's*. *Rom.* Very good.

Shuf. He stays to bring Sir *Credulous* along with him, in order to Marry Madam *Juliana* at the same time. *Jul.* But he shall find he can't dispose of me.

Shuf. But he can dispose of part o' your Portion then, and that consideration will satisfie him as well.——Pray Madam, let me understand your Circumstances in this case, 'tis possible I may releive you.

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Shuf. But he can dispose of part o' your Portion then, and that consideration will satisfie him as well.——Pray Madam, let me understand your Circumstances in this case, 'tis possible I may releive you.

Jul. Thus Sir,——5000 *l.* was left me by an Uncle his Elder Brother, upon condition I shou'd consent to Marry the first Match that Sir *Popular* offer'd me; otherwise, the Legacy was to fall to him, provided it cou'd appear, that he had only propounded my Fortune, and no indirect means to himself.

Rom. 'Tis exactly as I represented it to you yesterday.

Shuf. ——Ay, and observe what use I have made on't already;——you must know, he has sham'd Sir *Credulous* out of a 1000 *l.* this Morning; and by my procurement, has quitted all his future Claims to Madam *Juliana*'s Legacy by a General Release, which is now in Sir *Credulous*'s Custody.

Rom. ——Well,——but Sir *Credulous* will re-deliver it, I suppose, upon the breach o' the Match.

Shuf. ——You shall hear——I have perswaded him to present it to the Lady, after her consent; as a means to work upon her Ingenuity, by making her Mistress of her own Fortunes. *Rom.* So she must seem to give her assent.

Shuf. Ay, Madam, be sure you sweeten him up as if you were his own; I'll contrive to Spirit him out o' the way, till Sir *Popular* be Marry'd, I'll warrant you.

Rom. There will be no need on't; she may absent her self, after 'tis in her Possession.

Shuf. But de'e see;——I am interested in Sir *Popular*'s Marriage, and must endeavour to maintain a plausible understanding betwixt Sir *Credulous* and him, till the Ceremony in the Church be consummated;——in short, I have some Money due from Sir *Popular* for a secret service.

Rom. I partly apprehend you;——so that, you wou'd secure Sir *Credulous*, till you had receiv'd your Sum, least his disturbance might be of ill consequence to you.

Shuf. Ay, ay,——Now, Sir *Popular* having a 1000 *l.* by him, he'll discharge me without any farther trouble, rather than have me expose him.

Rom. Besides,——his contracting with Sir *Credulous* upon such an account, tho' indirectly, will invalidate his Title, by the Condition of the Will.

Shuf. But prithee don't you be seen here, till you receive a Summons from me;——I'll to the Bridge, and order her to detain Sir *Popular*, till the other Knight be dispos'd off. (*Exit* Shuffle.

Carol. This Mr. *Shuffle* is such another; he'll over-reach my Uncle if it be possible to do't.

Rom. Ay, indeed, there's a hopeful prospect of circumventing him now; but it will be convenient for the better circulation of the business, that I absent my self. *Jul.* My heart, you'll remember the faith that is betwixt us.

Rom. How unseasonably you remind me;——Can the Tenant forget the Service he holds all his Lands by? Or a Beggar the needy moving Cant that sustains him? But you cou'd not doubt me sure; your Idea Sollicits for you, and never leaves me; it distracts my thoughts, and breaks my slumbers; I must rove about like a restless Ghost till I see you again.

Jul. ——And when must I expect you, my Thoughts?

Rom. ——About an hour hence I hope;——till then the whole Hierarchy protect you. (*Exit Roman.*

Carol.

Carol. I fancy Couſin this love is a pretty pleaſant Bable; there's ſuch dying Leers, ſuch unaccountable Geſtures, ſuch ſoft confuſion amongſt you.——Methinks I cou'd wiſh for a little experience of that antick Foolery, only for an opportunity to laugh at my ſelf.

Ful. Cou'd not Mr. *Bravado* bring you acquainted with it?

Carol. No,———He has a Quarrel againſt me.

Ful. ———Some Love Skirmiſh.

Carol. ———He Swears, he'll never ſee me again, which Oath I hope he'll obſerve.

Ful. Does he ſuſpect the Humour you paſt upon him Yeſterday?

Carol. I almoſt fancy ſo;——ſome had been fooling with the Viſards, and ſo Bug-bear'd both of 'em out o' the Cloſet, elſe I had trick't 'em neatly.

Ful. But you muſt leave theſe Merriments now;——our new Aunt's ſeverity won't diſpence with 'em.

Carol. ——We ſhall be worſe peſter'd now with a Religious Din, than ever; there'll be ſuch ſcrewing o' Faces, and drawing o' Sentences through the Noſe, amongſt the Aſſembly.———Well, if ſhe don't prove a right one in the concluſion, I am miſtaken.

Enter Sir Popular, *and Sir* Credulous.

Sir *Pop.* Kinſ-woman, I have brought you the Gentleman I deſign for your Husband, and I conceive he may be a proportionable Match for you;——Therefore prepare for Marriage this very day.

Ful. ———The notice is very ſhort, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Let this be the day Lady by all means; the Afteriſms are in a very amicable aſpect, and ſeem to be our Genial Torches;—if we ſhou'd decline this Invitation, perhaps their future poſition might continue malevolent out o' revenge.

Sir *Pop.* Kinſwoman, I charge you be advis'd by me, and be joyn'd forthwith; He's a good man, and has a comfortable Fortune, I conceive.

Ful. Sir, I never knew how to diſobey you.

Sir *Pop.* In earneſt, very meekly anſwer'd;———Well, I have ſome Negotiations to look after; after I have attended theſe, we'll all go together, and diſpatch the pious Affair.——Hem——— (*Exit Sir* Pop.

Carol. Then Sir, you have forgot your Aſſeverations to me?

Sir *Cred.*——Seriouſly, Sweet Madam, I was aſſail'd with ſuch violence, in this fair Ladies behalf, by my worthy Friend Sir *Popular* that I am not impowr'd to diſoblige him.

Ful. So rather then be uncivil to him, you'll do injuſtice to her;———O good Sir, let not me in the leaſt be the cauſe of ſuch an Immortality!

Carol. Fie Couſin;—here's a coldneſs indeed, and ſuch approaching Joys in proſpect!——Believe me, there's no other engagement betwixt us, than the obligation of common Civility.

Sir *Cred.* Indeed, Fair Lady, I muſt confeſs, your Couſin was not thought unworthy of thoſe reſpectful Tenders you neglected yeſterday; but upon ſecond thoughts, I did believe your ill-advis'd Behaviour to be the effects of your Modeſty, and do therefore remit your miſcarriage.

Ful. 'Twere pity Sir, to treſpaſs on ſo good a Nature.

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Seriously, most excellent Being, Choler never predominates with me, I can allow for Sublunary Failures.

Carol. ——Or else you'd Massacr'd *Bravado* yesterday.

Sir *Cred.* He's an abusive Gentleman, and did impose a little too much upon my Mediocrity. *Carol.* ——Have you seen him since, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Seriously, fine Lady, no;——I was Arrested by a Gang of good Fellows; they wou'd have me make one with 'em;——'Twas past Ten of the Clock when I left 'em, I cou'd not endure it any longer; there was such Drinking, and storming, and scuffling;——Here lay a Hat, there a Wig, here one lay supine, there another;——I profess you might ha' seen as various a Hotch-potch as in a Giblet Pye.

Jul. But don't you find your self indispos'd this Morning, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* The Emulsion has cool'd me a little, but I am cloudy still; else I had invented some uncommon curiosity, for the Illustration of our Nuptial Solemnity.

Jul. ——Some Mask, or Fire-works?

Sir *Cred.* No, no, these are dull——A pair of Turtles supporting a Pageant that represents the Solitary Phœnix, first warbling out an *Epithalamium*, and then expiring in a Spicy Flame, wou'd be a high Conceit.

Carol. You have Travel'd, Sir, I fancy.

Sir *Cred.* O very far, and altogether in search of Nature, which I found at last in spight of all her Mazes, and am now improving her into an Art.

Carol. Is it possible, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Questionless;——I am now teaching a Magpy to discourse in form, a Snail to walk erect, a Sammon to become Amphibious, and graze in Medows;——In short, I am teaching Nature to be unnatural.

Carol. And has wrought the Experiment upon himself. (*Aside.*

Jul. ——You'll out-doe the *Gresham*ites.

Sir *Cred.* O, they are a Phegmatick Society.

Carol. ——Sure your Education has been costly, Sir *Credulous*?

Sir *Cred.* Costly!——Ay, I think it has:——So much at *Amsterdam* for learning to eat a Lobster; so much at *Paris* for mounting a Kite, so much at *Madrid* for scourging a Top——

Jul.——Your own Country might have accomplisht you with these Perfections.

Sir *Cred.* O you are much mistaken, fair Madam;——your Forreigners are more polite a great deal; there's not a Curiosity Master in *England*, let me tell you so much. *Jul.* Why, Sir, is the breaking up of a Lobster a Curiosity?

Sir *Cred.* A choice one believe me——But now for my more solid and substantial Sciences;——There's first——

Enter Shuffle.

Shuf. May I give you Joy, Sir *Credulous*?

Sir *Cred.* You may antidate your Salutation, if you please. (Shuffle *takes a part with* Carol.

Jul. ——Now there's some appearance of a Delivery from him, and all his Odious Impertinence. (*Aside.*

Carol. We'll leave you with this Gentleman, Sir;——your Brides Dress must be refin'd a little. (*Exeunt.*) *Shuf.*

Shuf. Have you preſented your Lady with Sir *Popular*'s diſcharge yet?

Sir *Cred.* Seriouſly I had forgot.

Shuf. ——O fie,——run after her with it——quick——

Sir Credulous *runs out, and Re-enters.*

Sir *Cred.* ——I forc't it into her hand;——ſhe expects 'tis ſome Song, I'll warrant you;——She loves me extreamly, I knew the vertueo' the Philter was irreſiſtible.

Shuf. Udds me! Now you talk of Philters;——Who de'e think did me the honour to take notice o' me this Morning? Sir *Cred.* Who, pray?

Shuf.——The fam'd Aſtrologer, *Rabbie Nathan*, born a *Jew*, but bred a *Chaldean* for ſome time;——you muſt be acquainted with his Fame certainly.

Sir *Cred.* O Sir, who can be a Stranger to't? Wou'd our Perſonal Acquaintance were as great.

Shuf. He's at preſent hard by; I'll ſend the Foot-boy to him to deſire his Company here. (*Exit* Shuffle.) *Re-enters.*

Sir *Cred* We ſhou'd ha' ſent in more formality to ſuch a Perſonage as he is.

Shuf. ——He's a moſt obliging Man in his way;——I am confident he'll come, if he be not gone to the Synagogue;——it ſeems there is ſome *Jewiſh* Rite perform'd there to day. Sir *Cred.* Has he any *Engliſh*?

Shuf.——Yes, but almoſt as broken as his Nation.

Sir *Cred.*——I have ſome little ſmattering of *Hebrew*, but none of *Chaldy*.

Shuf. No! why the Radix is altogether the ſame; *Chaldy* was only the more Courtly Dialect. Sir *Cred.* ——But is his *Engliſh* intelligible?

Shuf.——Yes, only a little harſh and broad.——He's here——

Enter the Quack *in a Fur Cap, and ſhag'd Gown.*

Quack. Hail *Rabbie Shoffle.* *Shuf.* All Hail moſt Honourable Prophet.

Quack.——I am hoonly a Magus haan dee Divine by Cauſes naatouraal.

(*He looks earneſtly upon Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred.* Mr. *Rabby*, I ſhall think my ſelf highly honour'd, if your Reverence will condeſcend to Dine with me.

Quack. Nay, I neever eat with the hun-circumcis'd; I ſmell no *Chriſtian* Pork.

Shuf.——If this Rogue don't forget his Leſſon, we ſhall have ſucceſs.

(*Quack looks in Sir* Credulous's *hand.*

Quack. I Swere, thou haaſt ha mole hin the hollow of thy haam.

Sir *Cred.* Seriouſly I have ſo; is it his skill in Palmiſtry that directs him, think we?

Quack. Thou doſt purpoſe to take to thy ſelf a Wife before the ſixth hour.

Sir *Cred.* I profeſs, a moſt Incomparable Man.

Quack. Nay, nay,——The Plaanets, aan the Fowls of the Aar, aan the Flaame, aan the Smook, aan the Entrails, aan the Shears, aan the Ompha do forbid thee.

Sir *Cred.* Ay!——Then my Calculation was not exact.

Shuf.——*Rabbie*'s Infallible;——there has been ſome miſtake in your Scheme.

Quack. Louk een this Glaſs, aan thou ſhaalt behold the Revolution of thy days; It waas the South-ſayer *Uzzi*'s, whou waas ouf the Tribe ouf Lettle *Benjamin.* (*He gives Sir* Cred. *a Perſpective, Sir* Cred. *looks in't,* Shuf. *ſigns the* Quack *to Sir* Cred's *Pockets,* Quack *feels the out-ſide, and ſhakes his Head.* Sir

Sir *Cred.* I profeſs *Rabby*, I can ſcarce diſcern any thing.

Quack. ——That ees becauſe thou waants my Veſtments; cloath thy ſaalf een them, aan thy Fortune ſhaall appear; they were Conſecrated when I ſojourn'd in the Saandy Deſart, aand have a Proognoſticating Quality.

Sir *Cred.* I beſeech you moſt Reverend *Rabbie*, let me try 'em.——— A Profound Man! (*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. *puts off his Coat and Breeches gives 'em to* Quack, *puts on his Breeches and Gown.*

Shuf. Come, Sir *Credulous* I'll help you to hold it ſteddy. (*He lays his Arm about Sir* Cred's *Neck*, Quack *rifles his Breeches Pockets, and ſlips out.*

Sir *Cred.* I profeſs, I can diſcern nothing, but a kind of a glimmering Confuſion,——Moſt Excellent *Rabby*. (*turns about.*

Shuf. Ha!——What now!——He's Vaniſh't, as I live.

Sir *Cred.* ——Heavens ſhield us! —— Indeed I thought the Houſe ſhook.——Strange!———

Shuf. Your Cloaths are Vaniſht with him too;——Are not they?

Sir *Cred.* Ha.——No,——I ſee 'em there—— (*Sir* Cred. *takes up his Breeches.*

Sir *Cred.* Ay!———My Breeches are light, methinks———Heavens!—— He's gone with a Hundred Peices, beſides Medals and other Moveables.

Shuf. It can't be ſure;———marry he's a *Jew* indeed.

Sir *Cred.* ——A Pox *Rabby* him, wou'd there were a Hogs-pudding in his Belly.

Shuf. ———See what he has left you in Exchange. in his Prognoſticating Pockets. (*Sir* Cred. *gropes, and pulls out a Bill.*

Sir *Cred.* ———What's here——(*Reads.*)—— At the *Ignoramus-Head* in *Cabal-Corner*, near *Treaſon-ſtreet*,—— Lodgeth the much noted Aſtrologer, *Rabbie Nathan* the *Chaldean*, he Reſolves Queſtions, Calculates Nativities, and performs other Secrets, and is to be ſpoke with at his own Lodgings, from Nine till Eleaven, by all ſuch as will make tryal of his Art.

Shuf. Here's a Cheat!——We'll have it Recorded at *Filchers-Hall* amongſt the Memoirs o' the Pick-pockets.

Sir *Cred.* Is there no way think you to countermine this Typical Rogue?

Shuf. Your beſt way will be to go directly to Mr. *Zeal*'s the Conſtables, you remember where I went in, when we parted t'other day.

Sir *Cred.* Ay, Very well.

Shuf. Charge him along with you to *Rabby*'s Lodgings, and if you find him there, take him up.

Sir *Cred.* But I ſhall be too late for my other concern.

Shuf. ———No, no, *Rabby* does not lodge far off;——'Tis true, the place is Obſcure, but Mr. *Zeal*'s acquainted there, he'll find it out———Make haſte, never ſtay to alter your Habit.

Sir *Cred.* I approve o' your advice, and will about it with——all Expedition. (*Exit. Sir* Cred.

Shuf. I muſt help him to his Moveables again, elſe the Humour wou'd look a little pilfering, and baſe. * *Enter* Carolietta *and* Juliana.

Carol. We convey'd your Conjurer out a-doors;——What is he, pray Sir?

Shuf.

Shuf. A Quacking Bill-poſter by profeſſion; I was a little indebted to him, and Sir *Credulous*, I thank him has diſcharg'd the trifle.

Jul. How have you diſpos'd o' the poor Innocent Knight Sir?

Shuf. I have furbiſht him out i' the Garb of a *Grecian* (though he believes 'tis the Habit of an *Hebrew*, and have directed him to a Conſtable that will ſecure him, I'm ſure.

Jul. Without any pretence?

Shuf. You muſt know, I prepoſſeſt him this Morning, that there was a Jeſuit, one Father *Wild-fire*, about Town, and that I was to be in Company with him about ten of the Clock, and wou'd endeavour ſome occaſion to betray him into his power.

Jul. So the Conſtable will have him before Authority?

Shuf. No, I adviſ'd him to ſecure him till I came;——The deſign on't was, to get Sir *Popular* Marry'd in the mean time.

Jul. You need not ha' given your ſelf ſo much trouble,——It ſeems, my Uncle was impatient, he's gone to Church already, and the Ceremony almoſt over by this time.

Shuf. Happy News!——I'll away and reſcue Sir *Credulous*, and be here again preſently.——Your Servant Ladies. (*Exit.*

Jul. Truly I am very much oblig'd to this Gentleman for his Activity upon my account.

Carol. I'll ſwear he's an Ingenious, good Natur'd Man; have you not obſerved how he wou'd rail againſt the times with Sir *Popular*, and be ſo ſerious and concern'd all the time; then turn his back, and faſhion a Treacherous Smile;—Well, methinks I cou'd fancy his Humour.

Jul. So Couſin, you are coming on I find; this Approbation of his Humour, is preliminary to a Paſſion for his Perſon.

Carol. Indeed, a bold concluſion from ſuch ſlender premiſes;——Is that your Love-Sophiſtry?

Enter Shuffle.

Shuf. 'Twill be convenient, Madam, that you withdraw; Sir *Credulous* is coming up. (*Exit.* Carol. *and* Jul.

Enter at the other door Sir Credulous.

Shuf. You have made a quick return, Sir *Credulous*.

Sir *Cred.* ——My Entertainment did not Invite me to ſtay, I'll promiſe you.

Shuf. ——What was the matter pray?

Sir *Cred.*——Why, I was almoſt Murther'd amongſt 'em;——The Conſtable was not within, and when I deſir'd one of his Prentices to direct me to *Rabby*'s Lodgings, he ſaid there was no ſuch place i' the City, but houted at me, and expoſed me to the fury of the Rabble, that ſcowr'd after me with Bones and broken Bricks, and if I had not moſt nimbly approach't this Aſylum, they had certainly demoliſht me.

Shuf. ——Indeed their behaviour was a little rude to a perſon of your Quality.

Sir *Cred.* ——Seriouſly I think 'tis my fortune to fall into the hands of *Jews* to day; they tell me below, that Sir *Popular* is gone to perform his Conjugal Rite.

Shuf. Ay, and Madam *Juliana* too.

Sir *Cred.* And I here?——It can't be.——Pray, explain your meaning.

Shuf. ——Why then, ſhe is moſt certainly another Man's Wife.

Sir *Cred.* ——My Lady another Man's Wife ſay you?

Shuf. ——Ay, indeed;——and therefore I perſwade my ſelf, that this practice was agreed upon betwixt *Rabby* and Sir *Popular*, to hurry you into a confuſion, and ſo preſent him with an opportunity of ſtealing away to Church without ye.

Sir *Cred.* Ay, ay, there lay the Intrigue,——I find then Sir *Popular* has abus'd me.

Shuf. If I deal ingeniouſly with you Sir *Credulous*, believe it to be the effects of my good Wiſhes; therefore to be plain; you have expos'd your ſelf ſo notoriouſly by doating upon ev'ry worthleſs trifle, and buſying your Brain about ſuch odd Fantaſtick Queries, that ev'ry needy Sharping Rook diſcovers your blind ſide, and ſerves his ends upon you.

Sir *Cred.* I hope you won't condemn my Emulation for knowledge.

Shuf. ——Firſt, recompoſe your Mind, and endeavour to know more o' the World; leave your nice Contemplations, and obſerve the Publick; you'll ſoon diſcover that my advice was ſeaſonable, take my word.

Sir *Cred.* I profeſs to you, I do a little fear, I have been impos'd upon o' late; I'll therefore ſcrutiniſe into the Manners of Men, frequent Gaming Houſes, Bowling-Greens, and all ſuch places of Concourſe.

Shuf. Continue your Reſolution.

Sir *Cred.* But how ſhall I proceed with Sir *Popular*, I wou'd have him notify'd?

Shuf. Come, I'll direct you. (*Exeunt ambo.*

Scene changes to a Dining-Room.

Enter Gullman *and* Faith.

Gull. How do I become my Honour Wench?

Faith.——Wench! I muſt now be Miſtriſs *Faith*, and your Ladiſhip's Woman.

Gull. But did you obſerve with what ſolemnity Mr. *Shuffle* gave me Joy?

Faith. Ay;——I'll ſwear it happen'd well o' his ſide, he has got 500 *l.* in Gold o' Sir *Popular*.

Gull. ——I was afraid, I ſhou'd ha' been diſcover'd upon't, only he help't me well out with it, by ſaying I cou'd not call in any of my own, and therefore he procur'd ſuch a Sum for me.

Enter a Pimp and a Carrier.

Pimp. Madam, I give your Ladiſhip Joy.

Carr. ——Wah they ſay yea'r dub'd a Lady to day, Good *Gullman*, by my Saul Iſe glad to hear't, maury mickle Glee may you have on't, that's the warſt that I wad ye.

Gull. Upon my Honour good people, I don't know you.

Carr. ——Ah well-a-day, what have you forgotten Honeſt *Robbin* your and *Yorkſhire* Carrier, that brought ye up all your Deft Laſſes.

Gull. ——*Faith*, give the Poor Man 6 *d.* and ſet him away.

Carr. ——Maury but I mun ha' mare than 6 *d.* or 6 *l.* outhor; yea owe me for *Nell Bonnie*, and *Beſſy Neſsle* ſtill, I reet weel rememmer; an like your Worſhip

Enter

Enter Sir Popular, *and ſtands privately behind.*

Sir *Pop.* How! ——My Lady entertaining two Diſtreſſed *French Proteſtants!* ——Theſe are not people of fit Quality to be ſeen with her I conceive;——but I'll over-hear the occaſion on't. (*Aſide to himſelf.*

Gull. ——Upon my honour poor Wretch, I can't underſtand thee.

Carr. ——Lac-a-day, Wah dinnot yea knaw *Robbin* that us'd to furniſh you with freſh Ware?——I have e'en the Bonnieſt Laſs at my Inn now, for your Worſhip's purpoſe, that ever went *Rigledy, Rigledy.*

Sir *Pop.* What's this!——Laſs, and freſh Ware?——Wou'd all things be right. (*Aſide.*

Gull. ——Sure good people you are miſtaken ſome way; I am not the perſon you ſhou'd addreſs to;——therefore pray walk down, your Company is a diſparagement to my Quality.

Sir *Pop.* I commend her, ſhe won't make her ſelf little. (*Aſide.*

Pimp. ——Pray Madam don't think to put us off ſo; we have forborn you long enough; therefore pray pay me the 5 *l.* that is due to me. *Gull.* For what Sir?

Pimp. ——For my diligence in the execution of love buſineſs; you know, at firſt I was only employ'd to fetch and carry; but after, upon experience of my Agility of Body, and ſatisfactory Dimenſions, you were pleas'd to advance me to your higheſt ſtation;——and I think I behav'd my ſelf like a faithful Pains-taker till you left off Bawding.

Sir *Pop.* Ha!——What's that you ſay Sir?——My Lady a Bawd?——Speak ——I command you ſpeak. (Gull. *ſeems diſorder'd.*) *Enter* Shuffle *and* Roman.

Shuf. —— I'll ſpeak for him; and can aſſure you, you'r Marri'd to as great a Bawd as ever grac't Cart, with no other Portion than Diſeaſe and Scandal.

Sir *Pop.* I die, I faint,——Thou Devil,——Thou Damn'd Whore,——I'll murder thee preſently;——Where's my Gutlace,——My Dagger,——My Pocket-Flail.——Oh, oh.—— (*She runs out,* Faith *after her.*

Carr. Maary honeſt Friend, if ſhe be your Wife, I mun luke o' ye for my Silver; ſhe had good ſound ware o' me, weel I wate, and ſea good Morn to you. (*Exit Pimp and Carrier.*

Shuf. 'Tis pitty Sir, to let the poor honeſt Carrier ſuffer; if you ſhou'd chance to live together, and keep a Publick Houſe; he'll import another Argoſie, and reſtock your Lady with Merchandiſe.

Sir *Pop.* O thou baſe, inſulting, Treacherous Rogue; this was thy contrivance, I have Treaſon againſt thee, and will impeach, and hang thee, thou Dog.

Shuf. Now you remind me on't, I have ſomething againſt your Good Worſhip too, Moſt Noble Patriot.——Here——Serjeants—— (*crys aloud.*

Enter Serjeants.

Shuf. ——Serjeants do your Office.

1. *Serj.* We Arreſt you in the King's Name, at the Sute of Sir *Credulous Trinkett* in an Action of a Thouſand Pound.

Sir *Pop.* ——S'heart, has this Devil here ſerv'd me with an Action; (*He looks on the Writ.*) O my Life, my Name!——Thou Barbarous Raſcal, I will tear theſe Eyes from that Perfidious Skull.

Shuf. ——Officers, away with your Priſoner, and take care he don't do Juſtice on himſelf, and hang himſelf up in his own Chain. (*Exeunt with Sir* Pop.

Manent *Roman, Shuffle.*

Rom. Ha, ha,——His Nuptials are Solemniz'd with a Boon Grace methinks.

Enter Sir Popular's *three Blue-Apron'd Men.*

1*ſt.* Good Lord, Mr. *Shuffle,* Sir *Popular*'s in a wonderful great Agony yonder, it ſeem's he's Marry'd to ſome Lewd Woman and is Arreſted.

Shuf. Ay, indeed, your old Patroon is under great Affliction, a groſſer Villain never headed Faction to my knowledge, he only ſtartl'd you with groundleſs fears, to gloze and gull you out of Plentiful Contributions; then laviſh 'em out upon Strumpets.

1*ſt.* ——Bleſs us!——Truly it appears ſo now.

2*d.* ——Plainly, he has a 100 *l.* of mine in his hand, for maintenance of the Liberty o' the Subject,——Ah wo'es me!——

3*d.* ——And 200 o' mine, by fair Yea and Nay;——I have no other Security, than a Promiſe of re-payment in Lands.——Ah——

Rom. Indeed Gentlemen, you have a hopeful Bargain on't: This was your Darling Demagogue that you rever'd.

Shuf. ——I muſt confeſs, I have been a Raſcal amongſt you, and have concorded with Sir *Popular,* to baffle, poiſon, and ſeduce you, but now my needs are a little mollify'd, and I do therefore recant, and am reſolv'd never to have recourſe to theſe Conſecrated Frauds again.

1*ſt.* ——Good Heavens!——How ſtrangely we have been deluded Neighbours.——Let's e'en leave Conventickling, take the Oaths, and go to Church. (*Exeunt.*

Shuf. Now my Friend, go and make your ſelf Maſter of Madam *Juliana* and Fortunes; I think Sir *Popular*'s Pretences to 'em are diſabl'd.

Rom. ——I have reaſon to eſteem thee a Friend indeed, That has neglected thy own Intereſt to ſerve me.

Shuf. I hope we have contracted ſuch a Tie, as Jealouſie can never violate, or neceſſity betray.

Rom. And now let us confirm it by Alliance;——Madam, you have not vow'd Celibacy I am confident.——She will conſider the Appurtinances of Wit and Good Humour.

Shuf. Truly ſuch a Fortune wou'd clear my Debts, redeem my Credit, and help me to ſome Honourable Imployment.

Of late, like ſome Fat Meteor I've blaz'd,
And with falſe flagrant Zeal, the Crond have 'maz'd;
But now theſe Rays ſhall center in a Star,
Which for the future ſhall be regular.

FINIS.